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The Devil and the Hindmost

QUITE suddenly the Labour movement has begun to feel the economic consequences of Mr. Gaitskell, and so to understand in retrospect the Cabinet crisis which ended in the resignation of Mr. Bevan. The price increases, which every economist has predicted since last autumn, when American speculation provoked a world inflation, are now reaching the shops. Even if the present decline in certain commodities—wool, rubber and tin, for instance—is maintained, nothing can prevent a further increase of 7 to 10 per cent. this year in retail prices. A soft Budget concealed for a few weeks a very hard economic policy. Now, the trappings are removed and everyone can see the harsh realities.

In framing this Budget, Mr. Gaitskell came to the deliberate conclusion that rising prices would have to be used as one way of paying for rearmament. He reckoned that if a financial ceiling were placed on subsidies and social service expenditure, and the trade unions persuaded to restrain their wage demands, rising prices would automatically "mop up excessive purchasing power." The result is that, unless we are fortunate enough to possess industrial shares (in which case we have become a great deal wealthier as a result of the Budget) we are all now accepting a cut in our standard of living, and our wives can measure the exact size of that cut when they do the shopping and calculate how much less they can buy this week with the housekeeping money than a month ago.

It sounds simple enough. But the trouble about the Chancellor's policy was that it overestimated the gullibility of the trade union movement. Mr. Gaitskell apparently imagined that the British worker could be persuaded to moderate his wage claims even though prices and profits are both of them unrestrained. "If you exert your full strength in negotiations," he said in effect to the trade union leaders, "you will only make prices go even higher. So be good boys and see that the wages lag far enough behind the prices to cut the standard of living to the level which rearmament requires."

This advice, as Mr. Andrew Naesmith bluntly stated last week, is sheer nonsense. So long as profits and prices were both kept reasonably steady by Government policy, it was not unreasonable to call for wage restraint. But once the Chancellor accepted the inevitability of inflation, it was ridiculous to suggest that the trade unions should restrain their claims. In a heavily taxed community such as ours inflation is bad for everybody—except for the class of "speculative investors." But once we abandon all idea of a national policy for profits, prices and wages, and go back to the old-fashioned "free for all," it is absurd to ask the trade unions to enter the rough-house with one hand tied behind their backs. Yet this is precisely what wage restraint would mean in the circumstances dictated by the Budget.

It is already clear that the trade unions have no intention of accepting the Government's advice. The miners, who achieved a wage increase only last January, are already asking for another thirty shillings a week; and the engineers are already preparing for a second round, with railwaymen and agricultural workers close behind. Very soon every union in the country will be following their lead. In behaving thus the trade union leaders are not committing an act of disloyalty to the Government. On the contrary, they are drawing the logical consequence of its decision to give up profit and price control. In an inflation the devil takes the hindmost, and each union must see that its members escape this fate. Of course, by so doing, they make the inflation worse. But the remedy lies not with the T.U.C. but with the Cabinet. If the unions push their claims to the detriment of the pensioner and those who depend on fixed incomes, the fault lies with Mr. Gaitskell who encouraged them by his own example to do so. A Labour Chancellor cannot retreat from Socialism and then expect the trade union leaders to protect him from the consequences of that retreat.

Prospects in Persia

Mr. Morrison must be somewhat embarrassed by the premature bouquets he has been receiving for his handling of the Persian crisis. In reality the situation is still deteriorating. Oil shipments have already ceased; and, on present showing, production and refining, already drastically cut, will have to stop completely; and 70,000 Persian workers will then be thrown on the streets. This would be a new flash-point. Riots would be unavoidable and, despite martial law, the Persian army would find it difficult to protect the British residents whose houses are not concentrated in a British quarter but scattered throughout Abadan. The Foreign Secretary clearly hopes that before this flash-point is reached, negotiations will begin. The steadily developing economic blockade—even India has now refused to supply technicians unless Persia negotiates—is having its effect in Teheran and Dr. Mossadeq is no longer the popular hero he was a few weeks ago. To judge

from his violent language in the Commons, Mr. Morrison has written off Dr. Mossadeq, and is working for his replacement by someone less irrational with whom he can negotiate.

If this is to happen, two things are essential. In the first place, we must avoid the use of troops. Any threat to occupy Southern Persia merely strengthens Dr. Mossadeq. It is only the threat to evacuate and the economic consequences of the gradual close-down which can possibly weaken his position. In the second place, our attitude to nationalisation should be clarified. The last offer which we made, though financially generous enough, still failed to concede any effective Persian control of the company. Even the most moderate Persian must have been affronted by Mr. Morrison's bland assumption that only someone born in Scotland or Surbiton and trained as a British Chartered Accountant is fit to run a Persian oilfield. Until we show ourselves ready to grant not only a fifty-fifty deal on profits, but a fifty-fifty division of responsibility, the Persians will rightly assume that our agreement to the principle of nationalisation is pure hypocrisy; and that we are still manœuvring to obtain exclusive British control.

German Rearmament Again

Unofficial but reliable admissions in Bonn confirm earlier reports that Allied and German "experts" have been hard at work in devising the scale and form of West German rearmament. The strong impression gained from a speech made in Germany last February by General Eisenhower—that Germans would not be required for the defence of Western Europe—is now seen to be entirely misleading. Not only are they required, but the number is greater than before. In place of the 22 "boosted brigades" of 132,000 men, a figure of 200,000 to 250,000, or twelve divisions, is now freely quoted—*plus* a tactical *Luftwaffe* of 600 aircraft.

Ever since the French and British Governments withdrew their opposition to West German rearmament (though they may still "drag their feet"), the principal snag for American policy has been the unwillingness of the Germans themselves. Rearmament is extremely unpopular in Germany. Hence it was obvious, at the beginning of this year, that the Americans and the Adenauer Government would require a "period of psychological preparation" before they could set about the systematic recruitment of any large number of Germans. Propaganda to convince the West Germans that rearmament is desirable and necessary has been actively circulated during the past few months, and, as the *Frankfurter Allgemeine Zeitung* is reported as saying this week, "since the breakdown of the Paris Conference, American official quarters have been striving harder than ever to induce Germany to make her defence contribution." While it is hard to gauge what success this propaganda for rearmament may be having among the Germans, there is evidence that the results, from the American point of view, are disappointing. Apart from the influence of widespread pacifism, few Germans are willing to consider rearmament so long as Western Germany fails to enjoy "equality of rights." To the fulfilment, however, of that condition the newly-formed Socialist International has now lent its support. Meeting in Frankfurt this week, it approved the principle of "the armed defence of the free world," but said that countries not enjoying "equality of rights" could not be expected to make a "maximum contribution"—a big concession to Dr. Schumacher.

Tshekedi and Bechuanaland

Mr. Gordon-Walker's concession of another tribal assembly, or *kgotla*, to pronounce upon the future of Tshekedi Khama, may look well on paper. It depends very much upon the conditions under which the *kgotla* is to be held. If Tshekedi's latest request to be permitted to return to the Bamangwato Reserve "at least a month" beforehand is granted, then the concession is likely to prove a real one. Tshekedi, in that case, will be able to explain his attitude and advance his case among those who will be called upon to take the decision. He will be able to support his friends with new arguments, and to confound his enemies by denying such insinuations as that he still contests the paramountcy of Seretse. If, on the other hand, Tshekedi is denied permission to return, then the decision will probably go against him. This point was implied by Tshekedi himself in a well reasoned statement to the press this week. He fears the unfriendly arguments of enemies at home who, he says, profit from his absence to spread false reports about him; he fears also the influence at the *kgotla* of those who convene it and who, he thinks, may not necessarily be friendly to his cause. If the Commonwealth Relations Office means to prolong Tshekedi's banishment, they will clearly prevent his return to the Reserve before the *kgotla* is called. If they wish to end this lamentable affair as decently as possible, they will give Tshekedi immediate transport back to Bechuanaland.

Changes at the Coal Board

The long-expected announcement of Lord Hyndley's resignation and the appointment of a new Chairman and other new members of the National Coal Board is accompanied by a statement that in future the full-time members are to be "non-functional"—that is, they will not be responsible for any particular department. It is to be hoped that this means greater decentralisation of the administrative machine, and a Board concerning itself with matters of high policy rather than day-to-day management. The new Chairman, Sir Hubert Houldsworth, is a scientist-lawyer who has made himself a reputation for considerable organising ability during and since the war in the Yorkshire and East Midlands coalfields. Of the new Vice-Chairmen, Mr. Drummond has recently been Chairman of the North-west division; originally a shipbuilder, he became managing director of the Ashington Coal Company in 1939. Sir Eric Coates is a newcomer to the coal industry; he is a financial expert, who has served in various posts in India, in the Control Commission for Germany and lately in the Overseas Food Corporation. He has a reputation for "toughness" in accountancy, which the N.U.M. may or may not appreciate. The remaining list of full-time members is greatly strengthened by the inclusion of Sir Andrew Bryan, the present Chief Inspector of Mines, who has a high international standing as a mining engineer and expert in safety, and is universally liked and trusted by the miners. The appointments have been publicly welcomed by Sir William Lawther. How far the new Board, with its slight flavour of Burnhamite management, will overcome existing stresses and friction in production policy remains to be seen.

Coal Shortage and Planning

Simultaneously with the announcement of these changes, the N.U.M. Executive has been telling its Conference about plans to carry out a full investigation of the N.C.B.'s administrative set-up, beginning with South Wales. There have been many complaints among miners of too many Board officials touring round the collieries to no good purpose. These complaints may or may not be justified: the main point is that many miners will continue to think they are unless they are told on the authority of their own people that these officials are usefully employed. Probably some of the complaints have substance, and are caused by the attempt to impose an unduly centralised control. Taking office in August, the new Board will not have much time to improve matters before next winter's crisis is on us. Consumption has been well above production this year; and, even with exports at a trickle, the outlook for stocks next autumn is not encouraging. Moreover, with Lord Hyndley on the verge of retirement and no one replacing the late Sir Arthur Street, little has recently been done to reshape policy: the Board will have plenty to keep it busy in the field of long-term planning as well as in trying to cope with the immediate shortage.

The Trapped Rabbit

The report of the Committee on Cruelty to Wild Animals is a whitewashing, not a vindication, of most of the popular blood sports and methods of control. One important and welcome conclusion is the recommendation that the gin trap, "a diabolical instrument which causes an immeasurable amount of suffering", should be banned by law as soon as possible. It is now the duty of Parliament to ensure that this non-partisan legislation is enacted without delay. For the rest, the Committee has reached the conclusion that most of the allegations made by the anti-blood sports organisations are not proven. The quantity of hard evidence of cruelty presented to the Committee was surprisingly small; an insignificant number of witnesses came forward to assist in the inquiry. But perhaps the real clue to this unsatisfactory report lies in the Committee's view of its function—"our terms of reference do not cover ethics." The application of some kind of calculus of cruelty to the dying moments of a hunted hare is not a very satisfactory method of resolving what is really a matter of morals and feelings. As the Committee itself aptly remarks, though not of its own Report, "We think . . . . that in field sports people who hold strong views one way or the other can generally find something which they think bears out their preconceived ideas."

PARLIAMENT : " To Slow Music "

Wednesday

UNUTTERABLY wearied by a hundred and twenty hours of talk and some seventy divisions, the debate on the Finance Bill expired on Tuesday afternoon. By its end, even the Tory front-benchers, who had hoped so much from its birth, tired of it and left its interment to Henry Strauss. His mountainous reputation for boredom emptied even his own benches. To the drone of his lesser requiem alone, it was laid to rest.

The long sittings and the endless arguments have left the Government unmoved. Capt. Crookshank plaintively pleaded that they had surely made *some* difference. Douglas Jay granted that, out of politeness. The Chancellor of the Exchequer, with the end in sight, showed himself of sterner stuff. He would have none of it, and agreed with the Prime Minister's letter to the electors of Westhoughton that the Tories had done nothing but hamper the Government's business with "sham fights and late sittings."

The Financial Secretary was kinder in his comment than Mr. Speaker to another Churchillian interruption. "Surely," said Mr. Speaker, "we are gentlemen here." For Mr. Churchill's interventions nowadays inflict greater pain on his own Party than on the Government. On Thursday he rose in wrath against the Minister of Supply, who had said that he could not allow the Iron and Steel Federation to sabotage steel nationalisation. "This," thundered Mr. Churchill, "demands a vote of censure." Not on the Steel Federation—but on the Government.

With the Tory leader thus filling the role of Labour's greatest electoral asset, his place as the *enfant terrible* of Governments has been taken by Mr. Bevan. Following an earlier onslaught on the Chancellor for announcing Government economic policy in a general statement after Questions rather than in a detailed White Paper, Nye returned on Monday to the offensive. Economic planning, he demanded, should be taken out of the dead hand of the Treasury, whose only interest was in getting revenue. The Attorney's plea that the Royal Commission on Taxation should be left to inquire into the possibility of providing tax reliefs for money spent on exploration by mineral and oil companies, he swept away as another example of the Treasury's devotion to dilatoriness. The exploration, he inferred, would be more profitably done in the fields than in the Treasury offices. Sir Frank Soskice, who had earned the tributes paid him for his courtesy, lucidity and endurance, looked shocked. The reception of his speech by the back-benchers, on the other hand, suggested that the former Minister of Labour is recovering a good deal of his old favour with the Parliamentary Labour Party in his Churchillian détour to Downing Street.

There can be no doubt about Labour relief at the news of a possible Korea settlement. The House, however, has been left in no doubt either that the Government does not intend to slacken any of its Defence measures. At Question Time on Thursday, the Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Education let it be known, casually, in answer to some supplementary questions from his own benches, that the cost of Defence would mean, among other things, economies in technical education, school meals and special schools. To Members who had clearly hoped that the easement of the Korean situation would mean some arms relief, the news left the gloomy hope that when all the cuts for Defence have been accomplished, there *may* still be something other than the defences to defend.

TOM WILLIAMS

After the Armistice

THE chances of an armistice in Korea are good. That Syngman Rhee has called for a continuation of the war up to the Manchurian frontier is unlikely to influence the negotiations which, following Mr. Malik's speech, have been initiated with remarkable and commendable promptness on both sides. The fact is that it suits the hard self-interest of the Great Powers to stop the fighting now.

Although the actual cease-fire is no more than the first step to a general settlement of the power stresses in the Far East, it is none the less of real importance. At least it offers to the people of Korea a prospect of release from the torment of death and destruction which have been hurled at them—on both sides of the 38th Parallel—for the last twelve months; and to the rest of us a ray of hope that the drift into world war can be checked before it becomes uncontrollable. If such a breathing space is to achieve the hopes which the world has set on it, it must be used for negotiation; and if there is to be negotiation, the Powers have got to make up their minds what they want and what they are prepared to concede.

The danger is that relief at the cease-fire may obscure the urgency of a real settlement. If the first responsibility, then, of the statesmen on each side is to ensure the successful conclusion of the armistice, the second and more weighty is to grasp the fleeting opportunity which will occur at the moment of cease-fire to bring the underlying problems to the conference table. The starting point should be Korea itself, where the first task must be relief of the stricken people and the rebuilding of the factories and townships. At present there is very little information available about conditions in N. Korea and some objective assessment is needed before a start can be made. It is much to be hoped that, as an accompaniment—not necessarily a condition—of armistice, the N. Korean High Command will permit some kind of relief commission, covering both halves of the country and using machinery of either the U.N. or, if that is not immediately possible, the Red Cross. Secondly, hopes of an enduring peace in Korea will not be fulfilled unless the Powers are prepared to keep their puppets under control. Syngman Rhee and his corrupt, greedy and incompetent gang have disgraced the cause of the U.N. Whatever difficulties may have been felt in Washington about his removal while hostilities have been in progress, there can be no excuse for continuing to support him in the new situation. The task now is to bind up the wounds and create the conditions in which the two halves of Korea can grow together. It would be Utopian to suppose that this can happen overnight; it may never happen. But the prospects of even making progress in this direction are remote if S. Korea is to continue at the mercy of an irresponsible ruler who has openly declared his intention to oppose any reasonable settlement.

Although we believe that the most immediate decisions fall to be taken in Korea, a real settlement will not be achieved without a solution of the three major causes of tension in the Far East. These are Chinese representation in the U.N., Formosa and the Japanese peace treaty. No official indication has yet been given of the nature of the agreement reached between Mr. Morrison and Mr. Foster Dulles over the peace treaty. But on the well-based assumptions that Mr. Morrison will not in any circumstances sign with Chiang and that the State Department is not at present prepared to recognise Peking, it seems probable that the agreement must have amounted to a deferment of the decision about Chinese adherence to the treaty. The most likely—and in the existing explosive circumstances—the least bad outcome would be for Britain, the U.S., India and the other non-Communist Powers to conclude the treaty when they are ready, leaving time to resolve the problem of who signs for China. In the end, short of general war in the Far East, the recognition of Peking is inevitable; and the sooner it can be brought about the better. The duty of the British Government in this delicate situation must be to insist on a Japanese treaty which is not insufferably threatening to either China or the Soviet Union and which does nothing to postpone still further the day when Peking can be accepted by the U.S. as a co-signatory. At the same time Mr. Morrison must return to the original British demand that China be admitted to full membership of the U.N. and a seat on the Security Council.

The first of these objectives may already have been achieved in the Dulles agreement; and all credit to Mr. Morrison if it has. He need have no hesitation in using all his influence to press for the second. It can hardly be expected that in the immediate future the U.S. will use its vote in favour of the admission of China, but if, as Washington has promised in the past, it refrains from using the veto, the task is to persuade two more Powers to vote for Mao's inclusion. If the current negotiations work out as Mr. Malik appeared to foreshadow, a cease-fire will be achieved without political conditions. American face would thus be saved and Britain would be entitled to hold the U.S. to its original promise that an American veto would not be exercised on this issue.

If these two problems can be dealt with in this way—and we believe that Britain must use every possible pressure in Washington and the U.N. to ensure that they are—a real contribution will have been made to the possibility of the peaceful co-existence of the Communist and non-Communist Powers in the Far East. There will, even so, be many serious obstacles in the way; the most serious is Formosa. But a start will have been made and, with China inside the U.N., there should be a real opportunity of testing anew the prospects of peaceful co-existence and measuring the extent and direction of any possible change in the Soviet line. The British Government has an important, perhaps a decisive, role to play in this. There must be no further appeasement, as there has been in recent months, of the China Lobby. Mr. Morrison and Mr. Truman, each preparing to face a disgruntled electorate and each bedevilled on the home front by the fear of war and the inflation of rearmament, have a vested interest in peace and can afford to take risks with their

Right-wing opponents. Indeed the whole purport of the U.S. Administration's defence before the Senatorial Inquiry on MacArthur has been that peace can be saved only by the Truman policy of resisting the N. Korean aggression and at the same time limiting the war to Korea.

When that war is concluded, the President must make good his words, and he may in the long run be grateful for a British initiative bold enough to disregard the jingoism of the Right and tough enough to rally world opinion behind the only policies which offer a chance of converting a military cease-fire into a political settlement. If Mr. Morrison fails to grasp his opportunity he may live to reap a whirlwind, spreading far beyond the Pacific atolls and the mountains of Korea, in which the Labour Government would be among the first and the least of the casualties.

Consumers' Charter — or Red Herring?

SINCE the announcement, last month, of the Government's intention to legislate against fixed retail prices for branded goods, there has been growing speculation whether this decision betokens a newly discovered belief in the virtues of economic *laissez-faire*, a serious effort to check the soaring cost of living, or a large red herring drawn across the trail of increasingly insistent demands for a fresh round of wage increases. This uncertainty will not be dispelled by last week-end's flight of demagogy on the part of Mr. Hugh Dalton, who declared that the Government meant to "unmask the private tyranny of trade associations over traders who would like to reduce prices," but that it "would not permit any return to the cut-throat competition, and ruinous selling below cost, of the bad old days." How this best of both worlds was to be achieved by Act of Parliament, the Minister did not explain.

It might be supposed from Mr. Dalton's speech that action was to be confined—as the Lloyd-Jacob Committee proposed two years ago—to "rings" of manufacturers who combined to enforce fixed retail prices. But in fact the Government's proposals (Cmd. 8274) go much further: it will become unlawful for a single manufacturer, as well as for a manufacturers' combine or trade association, to impose any *minimum* price. Full freedom will be allowed to fix *maximum* prices, and to print such prices on the wrappers of branded goods; but the fixed minimum or standard price will disappear, and the retailer will be free to sell at whatever price he pleases, up to the maximum, where one is laid down. The White Paper puts the main stress in advocating this reform on two points. In the first place, it emphasises that selling costs differ widely between one distributor and another, and that difference in quantity and amount of service is a large factor in these differences. It is irrational that the consumer who fetches his purchases home should pay the same as those who require an expensive delivery service. Secondly, the White Paper argues that the existing methods of price-maintenance, with their use of the boycott against retailers who cut the prices of "maintained" goods, amount to a system of private law administered by manufacturers and traders without any appeal by the aggrieved party to the courts of justice.

To these contentions, the advocates of price-maintenance retort that its abolition would open the door to cut-throat competition and to the widespread use of "loss-leader" tactics by retailers eager to attract trade. A "loss-leader" is a line of goods sold deliberately at a loss in order to win buyers who will then proceed to make other purchases. The Government rightly points out that the fears expressed about the growth of this form of price-cutting are exaggerated in a situation of full employment and scarcity of goods. There may have been some substance in them between the wars, when price-maintenance spread fast in company with other restrictive devices. They are out of place to-day and operate anti-socially not only by raising prices unnecessarily but also by encouraging an undue absorption of labour in distribution.

This answer is undoubtedly valid; but it misses one big point, which carries a great deal of weight with the distributors who favour price-maintenance schemes. Such schemes have as one of their ulterior objects the strengthening of the distributors' claim to a collective monopoly of a particular trade. They are designed to enforce a boycott of "retailers" who attempt to enter a trade, or to take it up as a side-line, without accepting the collective regulation of "fair" practices which the various trade associations set out to enforce. The "legitimate" trader hates not only the hawker but also any trader mainly engaged in a different branch of retailing who starts stocking his line of goods and thus "upsets the market." It is the old story of the "regular's" objection to the "interloper"—a story which goes back to the Middle Ages and, probably, to the ancient world. The nineteenth century, with its ardent faith in competition, was impatient of such claims to exclusive rights; but as *laissez-faire* began to break down towards the end of the century, the claim was revived under the old mercantilist plea of the need for a "regulated economy."

For the Labour movement, it was not easy to know what line to take. The trade unions, keen believers in standard wage rates, collective bargaining, and the monopoly of labour power, were inclined to sympathise with the "regulators," not least because they found organised employers making good profits easier to bargain with than unorganised producers and traders engaged in a keenly competitive struggle. The Co-operative movement, on the other hand, both because it stood mainly for the consumers' point of view and because the price-fixers refused to allow payment of dividend on purchases of price-maintained goods, took a strong line against resale price maintenance. The first, mainly ineffective, step was taken in the Monopolies and Restrictive Practices Act, 1948. Under the Monopolies Commission a futile attempt has been made to proceed by way of detailed inquiry, trade by trade; but the Government has at length reached the conclusion that a general prohibition, subject only to special exceptions —books are perhaps a case in point—in case of proved need, is the right remedy.

One complicating factor is that many of the price-fixing bodies, taking advantage of the special position of trade unions under statute law, have registered their associations as trade unions. The Government has had to state in the White Paper that such registration will not be allowed to authorise a continuance of restrictive practices. But there may be difficulties ahead over this, especially if the trade unions, in the ordinary sense of the term, feel that there is any danger of their legal position being undermined. The Tories will certainly ask why a trade union should be allowed to fix a minimum price for labour if a group of traders may not fix a minimum price for the product. The answer, no doubt, is that the labour of human beings is not a commodity like a packet of cigarettes, and should not be subject to the same laws. But the fact remains that trade union law is something of an anomaly, and that the legal definition which applies the same rules to employers' and workers' combines, though it had its conveniences in securing recognition of working-class claims, rests on a confusion.

The occasion for the Government's present proposals is, of course, highly propitious. If the Government is to appear to its supporters to be doing its best to hold retail prices in check, some action must be taken to break the power of the rings and combines which dominate the supply of a high proportion of the goods which consumers purchase week by week. The very high profits prevalent under full employment furnish a strong temptation to the workers to claim higher wages and to argue that these can be paid out of excess profits. This argument may be unsound, but the only hope of continuing to convince enough trade unionists of its unsoundness lies in distracting their attention by a campaign against profiteering—a campaign in which it will be possible to enlist the active support of the Co-operative movement. To be sure, the President of the Board of Trade has already warned the public that no sensational price reductions are to be expected as a result of the proposed legislation. The most he hopes for is that consumers who pick their retailers carefully and do not insist on expensive service will be able to buy some branded goods at cut prices. But even this would be something tangible to offer as an inducement to continued wage-restraint.

There is, however, more in the background than appears on the surface of the President's proposals. There is something even paradoxical in the exponents of nationalisation and a planned economy setting to work to rehabilitate price-competition. Paradoxical, but not illogical on the assumption that the Labour Party is now thinking in terms of a continuing "mixed economy," in which a private sector will remain indefinitely and will need to be made to obey the old competitive laws of nineteenth-century capitalist enterprise. Such a notion is not illogical; but it will need a good deal of explaining, not only to such Socialists as still believe in the old slogans, but also to trade unionists, who have grown used to national bargaining with organised bodies of employers and have no taste for cut-throat competition when it threatens their ability to obtain a standard w[illegible].

London Diary

ANEURIN BEVAN and his friends have timed the publication of their pamphlet very nicely. Even a fortnight ago their plea for a constructive peace policy and a new approach to Russia would have fallen on rather barren ground. But next Tuesday, when *One Way Only* appears, we shall all be waiting for the beginning of the Korean cease fire talks. Already the mere fact that the Russians took the initiative in proposing them has jerked ordinary people out of their numb acceptance of the rearmament race as inevitable. Peace has ceased to be a dirty word. In this new mood the Labour movement may no longer feel it disloyal to question whether £4,700 million for Defence is a sacred figure and to ask whether Mr. Stokes was really wrong in wondering whether the full rearmament programme "is going to be so immediately necessary as it was a few days ago."

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Practically every Socialist "policy document" that I have read, whether official or unofficial, started with a long section on home affairs—nationalisation, social security, fiscal policy. Then, appended at the end, came a quite unconnected, vague and obviously unimportant chapter headed "International Relations" or "The World Outside." This always was an insular distortion of the facts, and I am delighted that now at last we are to get a statement of Socialism which starts with the revolution in which we live—the uprising of the colonial peoples against White supremacy—and then derives our domestic troubles from these world problems. The new dynamic, which Labour spokesmen so often talk about, will not be achieved by week-end speeches thundering against retail price maintenance as though that was the cause of rising prices. The beginning of Socialist wisdom to-day is to realise that the class war has burst national frontiers and been transferred to the international plane. The British worker is now part of an exploiting class which must concede genuine equality to the colonial peoples or alternatively hand the world over to the Communists by trying to hold the tide back by force of arms. *One Way Only* has got the perspective right and its proposal that Britain should take the lead in 1952 by switching part of the labour and materials now allocated to rearmament and using it for the development of backward areas should find an echo in America where Walter Reuther and Senator MacMahon have both made similar proposals. The proper criticism of the Government is not that we *cannot* afford sacrifices for rearmament but that we *must* afford sacrifices for the World Mutual Aid—even the sacrifice of part of the rearmament programme.

* * *

If reason alone determined the date of a general election, we could pin-point polling day for October 18th. Why? First, because the better the weather, the better the Government's chances—a strange commentary on a democratic theory which assumes that people's votes are mainly affected by such things as political programmes. But why not before October 18th? Because unless the Government is forced to resign, it would scarcely throw suspicions on its own motives and anger an important section of the electorate by calling the election before the new register comes into force on October 15th. November is a terrible month for an election, so October 18th it should be. Another reason why this should suit the Government is that the Party Conference at the beginning of October may resolve itself into a battle-field between Bevanites and Morrisonians unless an appeal to the electorate is in sight. If an election is announced, Herbert and Nye will no doubt demonstrate Party unity by linking arms and singing "One Way Only" in harmony—if not in unison. More important still, in October we may expect important wage increases to balance some at least of the increases of prices; six months later what is known as "labour trouble" will be no doubt plagueing the life out of whatever Government is in power. Finally Mr. Morrison may have pulled off a settlement in Persia and there is a good chance of a cease-fire in Korea. Do I then prophesy an election on October 18th? Certainly not. I only mention some of the rational considerations. Many other factors, personal and political, will play their part. The most important of them will be that it is very hard to go to the country unless you are actually compelled. Deciding to appeal to the country is rather like deciding to get up at 6.30 in the morning; the reasons at 10 o'clock the previous night are overwhelming.

* * *

The recent events in Bankok could only have happened in Bankok. In Siam there is little education and no politics outside the capital, and persons are important, not parties. For many years now two men have fought for power. During the war Marshal Pibun, who has the army on his side, collaborated with the Japanese. The more democratic-minded Pridi, who tries to be on good terms with the Asian revolutionaries, supported the resistance movement and came out top at the end of the war. He was driven from power by one of the usual *coups d'état* soon after the king of Siam was found dead in his bed in 1947. Since then Pridi has tried at least one come-back and been defeated. Whether he was involved in last week's affair I have not heard. It seems to have been mainly a skirmish between the navy and the army; presumably Pibun managed to make terms with his captors. Anyway he is in power again and Pridi is still out. It so happened that I have met both these men—Pridi, when he was in England after the war, and Pibun, whose guest I was on the occasion of his daughter's marriage in 1948. It was an elaborate and wonderful ceremony which I would not have missed for the world. The next day I had tea with him and heard him discourse on the danger of the Chinese who, if they were rich men, were buying up all the property in Bankok, and who, if they were poor men, were threatening Siam with Communism. He is the suavist and most affable of dictators and the whole regime has a delightfully Ruritanian atmosphere. In the morning I saw the chief minister and asked him—though not in so many words—whether it was true that he was a puppet who did what Pibun told him. He politely deprecated the suggestion that he was wholly a puppet. To Pibun I put the same point the other way round. He coyly admitted that power was really his. And so it remains to-day and will, I should guess, do so until the old dirty, smiling Siam—for poverty in Siam, where there is always plenty of food, always smiles—becomes immersed, as I suppose it must sooner or later, in the vast and terrible struggle for power that is transforming the East.

* * *

The decorous fervour of a Wimbledon tennis crowd on a really hot day is a thing to marvel at. Last Monday, round the Centre Court, where the lush variety of garden-party-cum-dance frocks was tempered by a uniformity of newspaper hats, people were shiny but never limp or inattentive. If ever it became too hot for them to applaud when an American hit a ball out or served a double fault, it would also be too hot for anyone to play. I think I was just dozing off when Von Cramm's partner, Buchholz (a mighty man) knocked the net down with a first service, and instantly the crowd was on its feet with a roar that bordered on the unseemly. I suppose there can never be any hope of a Wimbledon at which everyone will be able to see what he has paid to see, since one of the factors limiting the useful size of a sports arena is the scope of human vision, with or without field glasses. I doubt if we stage any other event at which so many beautifully dressed people queue for so long and pay so much in order to see so little. This year, by the way, they are queueing fifteen minutes to pay fivepence for a bath bun and then sitting on the ground to eat it; chairs are at a premium, and you can tell by the seat of a man's trousers whether he has had tea. But it's a wonderful meeting. I didn't have to queue, except for my tea, and I think even I would have queued to see Miss Beverley Baker.

* * *

It is only a couple of months since General Robertson, now Commander-in-Chief in the Middle East, followed up a special tour of his area by a visit to Cape Town, where he had technical discussions with the Union's Minister of Defence. Since then it has been an open secret that the British are hoping for men and equipment from South Africa to help in defence of the Middle East. This, I should say, is an illusion, since South Africans are unlikely to fight in the Middle East anyway and they will need all the arms they can get to prevent revolution in their own country if their present policy continues. It is because of this additional reason for keeping on the right side of Dr. Malan that the Dominions Office is so obstinate to defend on unreal pretexts the unpopular policy of excluding Seretse and Tshekedi from their own country.

* * *

I was discussing the general question of the future of the Bamangwato tribe with Ruth Seretse on the terrace of the House of Commons the other day at Tom Driberg's remarkable wedding reception. Seretse, Tshekedi and a group of Africans were standing round when I said to her thoughtfully: "Of course, *you* are the real nigger in the wood-pile." An outrageous gaffe. Fortunately Tshekedi, Seretse and their friends thought it funny. CRITIC

THE CANTERBURY PILGRIM

When that the peace-dove from the Kremlin ark
  Seeking the olive-branchë, was released,
That samë day did men with wonder mark
  An oldë pilgrim wending to the east.
  A cleric he, and yet no Fascist beast—
Wherefore the bestial Canterbury clergy
Did ever plot him craftilie to purgë.

This foresaid priest, yclept the Ruddy Dean
  By organs of the war-mad bourgeoisie,
Blissfullie skipping on a plane was seen,
  Bound for the workers' true democracie
  To claim the Peace Award of Muscovie.
And certës, it was marvel that he durstë,
Braving the warmongers to do their worstë.

Full strange it seemed to Soviet comrades dear
  That as he listed he might go or come,
As if no Fascist jackals need he fear,
  Ne Right-wing Socialism's degenerate scum,
  Ne raving cannibals of Christendom.
The reptile régime it appeared to pleasë
To make his flight from Canterbury easy.

Likewise State agents showed glad readiness
  To lettë him the Iron Curtain through,
As if to say they couldë not care less
  Whatso the Ruddy Dean might speak or do.
  Albeit he gave not Cæsar Marx's due,
The lackeys of Imperialist Cæsar
Franked his passportë for a Soviet visa.

Their vigilaunce they hastened to relax
  Sincë the pilgrim might himself exile,
Far from oppressors and war-maniacs,
  Lusting to hack him down in his own aisle,
  And beg asylum and eke domicile
From Canterbury's ruthless persecution
In the hotbed of peaceful revolution.

Yet nonetheless he said, in Muscovie
  He did intend to bidë but one week.
Sought he the martyr's crown? Or can it be
  There were no flies upon this pilgrim meek?
  And did he feel, though softlie he should speak,
If he should preachë doctrinarian errour,
He would prefer the Canterbury Terrour?

SAGITTARIUS

THE ENGLAND

Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a POSTCARD.

When Major Smail asked "Would you class Major Leith-MacGregor as an even-tempered man?", Lance-Corpl. Tinsley replied: "No sir, just an ordinary company commander."—*News of the World* (D. W. McLaughlin.)

Are goldfish unlucky?

A woman I met in a pet shop told me that soon after she bought one her husband disappeared.

Last week my son brought one home. Since then our cat, which we have had for several years, has vanished.—Letter in *Sunday Express*. (O. Catenburg.)

The more serious of these offences are punishable by death, and some of them carry heavier penalties when committed on active service.—*Airman's Guide*. (J. White.)

—— told Wood Green, London, Borough Council last night that he would have to resign from the Housing Committee, and added:

"It is impossible for me to attend because I am a baby-sitter every Tuesday night.—*News Chronicle*. (S. Majaro.)

The Artist as Non-citizen

"I DID a play called *Skipper Next to God*," said John Garfield on the witness stand before the Un-American Activities Committee; "the *Daily Worker* panned it."

REP. VELDE: How did you happen to know what the *Daily Worker* said?

GARFIELD: They review all plays. It was a review.

REP. VELDE: Where did you get a copy?

GARFIELD: I got a copy by buying a copy.

Garfield was asked about some apparently friendly statements on Russia during the war. He explained:

Different speeches were being made then. Even General MacArthur made the statement about how the civilisation of the world rested on the worthy banners of the Red Army.

Is it a coincidence that John Garfield's new picture, *He Ran All the Way*, based on a script by two writers who also appeared before the Committee, has been completely dropped?

Garfield is but one of forty or more actors, writers, directors and singers called before the Committee in the new Hollywood hearings this year. "Information" had been meticulously gathered from newspaper reports, labour informers, gossip-mongers, investigators, on the entertainers' associations, speeches, endorsements, sponsorships. The suspect might be a supporter of civil liberties, anti-Nazi causes, relief organisations, an anti-Franco movement, a language group, an actors' experimental group; his fate lay virtually between "guilty" and "very guilty." Once a subpœna has been issued for his Committee appearance, "in the minds of many people," according to Jose Ferrer, "the implication is that he is a Communist"—or a sympathiser, a believer in "liberty" or "peace" or "civil rights." Liberals who supported the boycott of scrap iron to Japan before Pearl Harbour, the fight against anti-Semitism, or against violence towards Negroes, may find themselves to-day labelled "subversive," subject to trial, dismissal from Government service, school, church or university, unemployable in the entertainment field. The foreign-born are being deported by the hundreds; teachers, lecturers, plain citizens are being silenced. Almost all liberal commentators have been taken off national networks. The witch-hunt has spread to books and films: Rossellini's *The Miracle* (with Anna Magnani) was supressed as "sacriligeous" at the instance of the Catholic hierarchy. Speech and opinion have withdrawn behind closed blinds. Thought is dangerous. A pall of fear has blanketed entertainment.

The suppression hits all fields. Publishers have set up a special committee to deal with the threats to free publishing. (They are visited and told what to publish—"or else.") Professors and teachers are subjected to special loyalty oaths (the University of California has spent a year fighting this and many teachers left). A recent *N.Y. Times* survey stressed growing student fear and apathy in colleges across the land. "The word liberal is a poisonous word," they reported. "F.B.I. agents are constantly inquiring about students . . . Graduate schools are reluctant to accept students with an unpopular viewpoint."

It was in Hollywood that the opening gun was fired. Movies have the widest influence and stars the greatest publicity value—and the Committee is not averse to publicity. It has announced a "general inquiry," however, into radio, television and Broadway. Investigators are checking on "suspected actors and writers," taking "secret testimony," "receiving information" and "analysing" newspapers for "sponsors of 'front' groups"—including those for aiding refugees, orphans or victims of Negro oppression. The first Hollywood hearings in 1947, which were more prominently reported and much more widely protested, led to the jailing of ten writers for refusal to divulge political and trade union affiliations. It led also to the imposition of a blacklist which has been inching forward these past years like a glacier. In its wake it freezes people into fear, self-denunciation, withdrawal from any participation in public life.

How does the blacklist operate? A host of papers and organisations—Catholic War Veterans, *Catholic Digest*, the American Legion and its *Monthly*, the newsletter *Counterattack*—publish lists of "suspect" names, send them to newspapers and private censorship bodies around the country, picket theatres, organise telephone, letter and post-card campaigns and pay personal visits threatening artistes' employers and the sensitive commercial sponsors. Newspapers, columnists, commentators and lecturers repeat and spread the attacks, and Congressmen (with immunity on House and Senate floor) on occasion join the chase.

One chief source of the lists of names and their crimes is the four-page weekly *Counterattack* and its recent offspring, *Red Channels*, a 213-page $1 booklet listing 151 famous names who have at one time or another (dating back 20 years) fought for liberal causes. The book professes to be an information service; but its "information" is scarcely unobjective: it is often based on hearsay, gossip and indiscriminate newspaper reports. Yet it has become the Bible of the advertising agencies that hire talent. *Counterattack*, weekly gadfly of laggard witch-hunters, has a staff of eight, including four ex-F.B.I. agents, and sells for $24 a year to corporations, schools and colleges, churches, radio and television networks, advertising agencies and newspapers, private individuals and organisations and law enforcement agencies. Much of the material and the charges are gathered from the Un-American Committee's files, or are used to fatten those files, and sometimes are spread in sensational newspaper stories as freshly gathered "evidence."

There is one outstanding fact in this whole phantasmagoria: it has worked. America's greatest artists can no longer be thought of as free. Employers and sponsors are so apprehensive that they obey before they are told. A few protests took all Charlie Chaplin films off television; a few pickets and 'phone calls ended the run of *M. Verdoux* in a large chain of movie houses. Chaplin himself, wanting to go to England to make his new film, was asked to deposit $2,000,000 in cash for hypothetical tax liabilities and so, in his own words, was "effectively stopped" from leaving the country. Paul Robeson cannot sing in concert halls, is having difficulty selling his records, and has been stopped from going abroad. Florence and Fredric March, after a *Counterattack* going-over and despite their two-year libel suit and $50,000 expenditure, did not have film work for several years. Larry Adler, the virtuoso harmonica player, and Paul Draper, the dancer, were so hounded by unproven accusations that they decided to leave the country; they are now living in England.

Artists are dropped even after rehearsal and on the eve of their appearance. Artie Shaw and his band were thus cancelled; Marc Connelly, author of *Green Pastures*, disappeared at the last moment from one of the biggest television programmes. Stage and screen star Jean Muir was dropped from a family radio programme when her sponsor, General Foods, was told her name was "controversial." An uproar ensued; Miss Muir made emphatic anti-Soviet and non-Com-

munist statements—but she was not re-hired. Louis Untermeyer, poet, anthologist and wit, was quietly dropped from his popular television Quiz programme. While there is publicity about some names, a great deal of the firing goes on in a "zone of silence." And there is no limit, apparently: a choreographer "went" because she "was the kind of girl" who would not cross a picket line, an actor because his wife was secretary to a liberal commentator. Even Howard K. Smith, European news chief of C.B.S., finds himself listed in *Red Channels*.

There is little redress. Libel suits are costly and the smear becomes more widely publicised. Few juries dare acquit political victims in to-day's atmosphere. Names of jurors and their vote are published, and they are hounded and threatened. Does confession and repentance save the victim? Again, hardly. A new feature of the 1951 film hearings has been confessions and "co-operation" by former Communists. They named names of fellow Reds, upbraided themselves as "naive" "duped," "hideously in error." Yet the contract of "repentant" singer Larry Parks is cancelled and his new film unreleased. Director Frank Tuttle flew from Vienna to testify and admit error. "There is a traditional American dislike for informers," he said, "but I will be one." His studio is moving to cut his name from title credits. Edward G. Robinson, who also flew voluntarily to Washington to testify to non-Communism and was given a "clean bill of health", finds his name continuously questioned. Robert Rosson, breaking his main studio ties, is retiring to independent production in Mexico. A hardy reviewer who praised the new Rosson film *Brave Bulls* was threatened as a Communist, and Rosson himself is now subpœnaed.

The writers who refused to answer questions were dropped from work the day they were subpœnaed and none expects to work again. All shots of Howard da Silva have been cut from his new film, *Slaughter Trail*—a grim coincidence of title—and Brian Donlevy substituted. One studio stated it would not hire subpœnaed men, whatever their views. Several Committee members have suggested to producers that they "hire frank and helpful" witnesses or "others will be discouraged." Anne Revere explained her refusal to testify when she resigned as director of the Screen Actors' Guild, affirmed her non-Communist affidavit of 1948, and said that six days in the hearing room convinced her "the Committee is interested only in naming names." One of the 1947 "Ten," however, is working. Edward Dmytryk presented himself before a Hollywood absolution committee, and "purged" himself according to specification: he went to Washington and named names, and is publishing a "confession" in a national magazine.

People have wondered why even this handful of Hollywood workers "turned Red," joined the Communist Party for even short periods, supported "causes." One answer is that the same forces which in the last two decades made the Hollywood writer or actor leave his rather uncreative ivory tower, and fight the Hitler burning of books, made him join the organisations, sign the protests and sponsor the good works he is now made to cry out he was duped into doing. People who had felt ineffective suddenly found in the fight to protect culture something to believe in and work for. To-day that stimulus is denied to artist and writer. "The artist whose finest hour comes when he is aware of the world outside, sensitive to its currents," one observer commented, "must now respond to the same wavelengths as the Un-American Committee." The American artist may no longer be a citizen.

JOHN BENSON

So They Say . . .

THE Case of the Missing Diplomats was first revealed to the world, as some newspaper readers have not been allowed to forget, by the *Daily Express* on June 7: YARD HUNTS TWO BRITONS—'ON WAY TO RUSSIA'—FROM FOREIGN OFFICE? The story, supplied by "a friend," suggested that the missing "Government employees" might have "important papers" with them. Later that day the Foreign Office reluctantly owned up, and next morning the headline hunt was in full cry.

What kind of men were Burgess and Maclean? Extremely complex, to judge from the hurriedly garnered pen-portraits. The *Daily Express* said that Burgess was "highly strung, a chain-smoker . . . often in the company of artists and intellectuals." "Not an earnest or intellectual man," reported the *Manchester Guardian*. "Always noted for his earnest manner," said the *Daily Mail*. "Tall, handsome man about town," was the *Daily Herald's* description. "Untidily dressed—nobody expected him to go far in the Foreign Office," countered the *Daily Express*. The *Daily Graphic* insisted that he "liked to model himself on Lord Palmerston and always breakfasted on two chops and a glass of port."

By contrast, Maclean was, according to the *Daily Express*, "the traditional Foreign Office type . . . charming, erudite . . . the oyster of the saloon bar." "A student-like, almost careless type," said the *Daily Herald*. "The neurotic fascination of oblivion, mildly implicit in any drinking, had a strong hold on both of them," wrote Pendennis in the *Observer's* "Table Talk."

The reasons for their disappearance were highly variegated. "A spontaneous two-man peace mission?" suggested the *Express*; a "friend of theirs" thought it would be "just like Burgess . . . to see the other fellow for a personal peace talk." The *Graphic* found it significant that Maclean had ordered house redecorations, as the Special Branch "has noted that Pontecorvo, the atom scientist who vanished, had also arranged for house repairs in his absence."

By the time the first Sunday (June 10) came along, the stories had become highly spiced, as befits Sabbath fare. The *Sunday Dispatch* laid bare the secrets of "Whitehall in Queer Street."

> Nobody wants to start a Foreign Office witch-hunt, but the U.S. State Department seems to have been proved right . . . it seeks to watch, if not purge, all suspected of pro-Communist or of homosexual tendencies (on the grounds that homosexuals, being subject to blackmail, are more likely to be forced into the service of a foreign Power). Certainly the case for weeding out both sexual *and* political perverts seems unanswerable.

The *Sunday Chronicle* said that M.I.5, "groping . . . into the dark labyrinths," were not now seeking "two quiet, good-looking Englishmen with public-school manners," but "two desperate lone figures, haggard with anxiety." CHIEF OF M.I.5 FLYING TO WASHINGTON, headlined the *Sunday Graphic*. 15,000 DETECTIVES IN SEARCH FOR DIPLOMATS, said the *Sunday Express*.

But by this time two papers (with "Leftish ideas," perhaps), had raised a protest. CUT OUT THESE SILLY SCARES! demanded the *Sunday Pictorial*, stating that there was "no reason to suppose that these young men have done anything illegal." *Reynold's News* refuted in detail "wild stories" that Sillitoe was resigning from M.I.5 to form a British F.B.I. (*Daily Express*); that Superintendent Wilkinson, the Yard's "spy expert", had flown to Paris (all popular papers); that documents on Atlantic defence could not be traced (*Daily Graphic*); and that Scotland Yard had refused to release pictures of the missing men (*Daily Mirror*).

Mr. Morrison's statement to the House on June 11 gave little satisfaction to the newspapers. "Disappointing," said the *Mail*. "[He] should stop talking nonsense," snapped the *Express*, devoting its front page to the story of how it had forced the hand of the Foreign Office. The *Manchester Guardian* refused to take matters seriously, saying that it was too much to expect "dignified reticence from our specialists in crime reporting, when they have tasted blood and the contempt of court grows fainter." It quoted the *Mail's* remark that "the journalists they knew were rather of the type classed as 'intellectual'" —and observed that after this "their guilt (what ever their crime, if any) is obvious"! And while the theories and false alarms poured in, from Andorra to Athens, a *News Chronicle* reporter, "following the classical French Sûreté method of reconstruction," set off to follow precisely the known trail, starting in a twin of the car the diplomats had hired in London. . . .

Then, gradually, the reports became fewer and shorter. In some quarters, however, there was noticeable reluctance to relinquish the "gone to Russia" theory. BURGESS KNEW ATOM SPY—'HE TALKED ABOUT NUNN MAY,' said the *Daily Express* on June 13, over an interview with W. H. Auden. WHO SCREENED BURGESS?—HIS RED LEANINGS WERE KNOWN, it said on June 14, reporting that "Britain's security chiefs are becoming convinced that their first hunch was right . . . Maclean and Burgess have . . . crossed over to the Russians." BURGESS WAS ONCE 'KEEN RED'—CONVERTED PEOPLE AT UNIVERSITY, reported the *Mail*, interviewing Stephen Spender.

Then the *Evening Standard* published the results of its researches into Maclean's activities at Cambridge. "In 1932," disclosed the Londoner's Diary, "he spoke in the Union in favour of the motion: 'That this House sees more hope in Moscow than in Detroit.'" By mid-June the *Daily Telegraph* was voicing a note of resigned finality: "The belief is growing that the disappearance . . . may never be explained." The *Mail*, however, refused to be downhearted: MACLEAN BABY BRINGS A HOPE—'HER FATHER MAY COME BACK NOW.'

Meanwhile the Persian crisis had by now taken over the headlines—except in the *Daily Express*. It continued (June 18) with its poetic interviews: G-MEN SEE POET NO. 3—ISHERWOOD ASKED: WHAT DO YOU KNOW OF BURGESS? Next day, however, I could find no mention in the *Express* of the replies in the House about Burgess's screening (headlined in the *Chronicle*: BURGESS CHECK NEGATIVE), although there was a story headlined DIPLOMATS CALLED TO ANTI-RED LECTURES.

And still, despite a lack of support from other papers, the *Express* kept it up, day after day. NEW MYSTERY OF BURGESS: DID HE VISIT ANTWERP TO PLAN TRIP ABROAD? on June 20. 'DIPLOMATS IN SOVIET SHIP'—SECURITY CHIEF SAYS HE IS CERTAIN, on June 21. NEW BURGESS SECRET OUT —MACLEAN WENT TO FRANCE IN ANOTHER'S PLACE, was another desperate effort on June 22. Finally, it was reduced to photographs of his flat—"The Burgess Background"—showing his books, a harmonium, and a "drinking duck" toy, and a "cigarette-burned table with straw-hat lampshade, tin-opener and bottles."

Then, last week, the *Daily Express* played its joke. DIPLOMATS: £1,000 REWARD, it announced, would be paid for a solution, publishing two debatably recognisable drawings of them. And if, after all this time, the mystery were to be solved, who would dispute the *Express's* patent belief that it would be worth every penny of that £1,000? Any suggestions for the *Express* headline on that happy day?

AUTOLYCUS

Rangoon Polls

THERE was more thunder and lightning, more drenching rain and more croaking of frogs than one would expect in Lancashire; otherwise polling day in Rangoon was very like polling day in Manchester. There were clerks checking the voters' numbers, and election agents noting them down, and a constant stream of cars and jeeps and pony-carts unloading voters outside the bamboo sheds that served as polling booths. In the first booth I visited I happened to meet the Burmese Ambassador-designate to the Court of St. James, dressed in a check blue and yellow *longyi* and thick gum-boots. I was introduced to him under his umbrella. One woman voter who left the booth in a very happy mood had a most original way of calculating the success of her candidate. "I'm sure he's got a tremendous majority," she told me; "when I put my vote into the box, I had to step into inches of slushy mud, whereas there were only footprints outside the other nine boxes."

Travelling round the city I saw a preponderance of cars belonging to the Anti-Fascist People's Freedom League—the popular resistance party, founded by General Aung San, which has been in office since the war. This didn't surprise me. On an eve-of-the-poll visit to meetings and in talks with the leaders of several political parties I was quite sure that, as far as Rangoon was concerned, this was a contest between the League and a strange assortment of political parties, old and new, which had nothing constructive to offer the country. Their leaders were mainly old men with political pasts, disgruntled and unable to face the present or a future in which they were no longer heroes. Most of them had little to say except personal criticisms of the League.

No Burmese politician could hope to compete with Dr. Ba Maw in this respect. Founder of the Greater Burma Party, one-time Prime Minister and the friend of most A.F.P.F.L. leaders, he hasn't confidence enough to use his party's name in the campaign, and his candidates call themselves guerillas. Dressed in a brown velvet hat, yellow shirt and brown trousers, Dr. Ba Maw himself might have stepped straight out of *Oklahoma* or *Annie Get Your Gun*. His personal invective is about on the same dramatic level; well-known and respected members of the Government party he describes as opium-peddlers, gold-smugglers and import licence hawkers. Premier Thakin Nu, in this strange political fantasy in which Dr. Ba Maw lives, becomes a "bead-roller" (referring to a Buddhist rosary), a secret shareholder in a large variety of firms, reputable and disreputable, and a schizophrenic.

Another political old-timer, U Ba Pe, heads a six-months-old party, the Union of Burma League. His highlight of political propaganda is a cartoon poster showing Thakin Nu, complete with rosary, balancing himself, one foot in each of two boats, one rowed by Stalin, the other by Uncle Sam. At least, I congratulated him on not having included Mr. Attlee as a passenger in either of them! His election address is as vague as that published by U Aung Than, leader of the two-months-old People's Peace Front, who promises internal peace and urges peace pacts with everybody. But a blood relationship (U Aung Than is the brother of the late General Aung San) isn't enough for a political party even when it is combined with simple-minded peace slogans. Then the Burma Democratic Party. Again this is mainly a personal affair. Its Election Manifesto might have been concocted by Karl Marx. The leader—Thakin Ba Sein—is sometimes compared to Falstaff, but, as one political columnist remarked, the comparison is rather unfair to Falstaff. I last heard his voice shrieking down the telephone in London in 1947 when he and U Saw called General Aung San a traitor and refused to sign the Aung San-Attlee Agreement.

Of the other parties which were in the election contest, the only serious one is the Burma Workers and Peasants' Party—the B.W.P.P. Its programme is indistinguishable from Communism. Its leaders are politically experienced men who until recently belonged to A.F.P.F.L. Until they broke away six months ago, they were the Communist Trojan Horse, and the League was strengthened by their withdrawal. How far they have succeeded in winning the support of industrial workers, peasants and cultivators remains to be seen. But their slogans of world peace, peoples' democracy and the fight against imperialism all have their instinctive appeal. With little risk of the responsibilities of office, they promise a classless society, world peace, land for the people and rice for all. The Communists are not openly supporting B.W.P.P. I understand that an underground leaflet instructed Communist Party members to sabotage the election which, according to the present line of armed rebellion, is regarded as a deviation. At the same time, there is no doubt that the Communists, fighting a rearguard action against A.F.P.F.L. will use the Burma Workers and Peasants as a legal party of fellow-travellers.

Meanwhile none, least of all the straw leaders of a straw opposition, doubt that A.F.P.F.L. will top the polls in this election. Its Election Manifesto, signed by Premier Thakin Nu, reminds the peoples of Burma that this was the party which led the country in resistance and then gave them independence. It reminds the peasants that the A.F.P.F.L. Government introduced land nationalisation, rid them of debt, saved them from the middle-men by buying paddy direct, provided loans and wiped out old ones. It tells of plans to improve health and education, to start agricultural banks and to extend co-operatives. "We gave this country birth," the Manifesto concludes, "We are your mother, and no step-mother can cherish you more; continue to support us."

Thakin Nu's eve-of-the-poll broadcast may have had something to do with the orderliness of polling-day. "Impartiality and courage must be your watchwords," he told the people, and reminded them that if "democracy vanishes from our midst, the substitute will be no other than the cult of the gun." This "evil cult" he said, referring to the Communist and Karen insurrections, has already caused the death of over 30,000 citizens of Burma, rendered over 500,000 people homeless and destitute, brought fear and insecurity to millions of people and a loss to the public Exchequer of over 300 crores of Rupees. His speech reflected the fact that elections to-day were being held only in 63 constituencies, the areas selected by the Election Supervisory Commission as being safe for the voters. A member of this Commission told me that they hoped to hold similar elections in other parts of the country in two stages, probably when the rains are over. The Commission has acquired a great name for itself by strict impartiality and it has had the effect of preventing any kind of mud-slinging at A.F.P.F.L. on the grounds that it had rigged the election.

The first election results are just coming in and leave no doubt that A.F.P.F.L. will be returned with a large majority. Only a quarter of the country has polled, but when the Elections Supervisory Commission decides to hold elections in the rest of the country, or at least in the three-quarters of the country where law and order reign, there is no reason to believe that the results will be other than a victory for the League. There is in fact no possible alternative at the present time. "After A.F.P.F.L. comes the deluge," one Burman said to me; he was a Civil Servant not very interested in politics. And when I asked an English resident, who has lived most of his life in Burma, whether there was any special point I could make about A.F.P.F.L., his reply was "Tell them to carry on with their present programme." No remark could show greater confidence in a Government on the eve of its second term.

Rangoon, June 15. DOROTHY WOODMAN

No Politics

THE law of libel forces me to call my subject X. He is not a real farmer; I have an idea he was formerly a stockbroker. He does not even look like a farmer, who looks like everybody else, which would not suit X at all. And so he looks like an urban journalist's image of a farmer, the sort of journalist accurately drawn by Mr. Waugh in his Mr. Salter, who has to receive Boot when the latter comes to London.

> " . . . Sit down, have a cigarette "—or had he made a flutter ?—" or do you prefer your churchwarden ? " . . .
>
> " How's hunting ? " asked Mr. Salter, trying a new line, " Foxes pretty plentiful ? "
>
> " Well, we stop in the summer, you know."
>
> " Do you ? Everyone away I suppose ? " . . .

X wears gaiters, cords and an extraordinary cloth hat, a soft, truncated cone, rounded above, and vaguely reminiscent of the headgear of Sherlock Holmes, but without the earflaps. He has a red, round face, a heavy moustache, large yellow teeth in which he holds a bulldog pipe. His manner is ponderous, charged with a spurious good will which enables him, speaking with a carefully rude urbanity, to patronise everyone from the heights of an apparently tolerant detachment. He does, it is true, farm a holding, with moderate success, by the aid of an able and overworked foreman and all those Government advisory services which he never tires of abusing. The expense of them, he assures us, is ruining the country, and it isn't as if they were competent. Yet they are sufficiently so to make him an annual profit.

On market days X takes a prominent place at the bar of the hotel frequented by substantial farmers. His voice is loud and officer-like: it distinguishes him as what he wishes to appear, a *gentleman*-farmer. Or, since the role of an Isomachus is, perhaps, a little out of date, and X would by no means consent to appear as an anachronism, he might prefer the part of one of those substantial men of letters who farm. But, in that case, he really ought to change his accent: a regional burr is not the least pleasing attribute of those versatile and Horatian persons.

It not infrequently happens that, over gins, ales, even sherry, quite grave subjects of agrarian economy come up. The discussion takes the following form: one person states the case of pigs, potatoes, or sugar-beet, other persons take turns to utter variations upon this lament, coloured by personal experience. And then X, leaning comfortably against the bar, solid, round, massive, the smoke ascending with a special, slow serenity from his pipe, with thoughtful air and in measured, damning terms, blames the Government.

" These fellas don't understand . . . " he begins, quite tolerantly, indeed regretfully. Follows his analysis and finally, with an introductory " When we get Churchill back in the saddle . . . " he offers his own solution of the problem.

It has happened, rarely, that his conclusions have been challenged. As a rule, agreement and

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applause are unanimous, but occasionally some angry man will suggest other causes, other cures for the ill in question. Such other causes tend to exonerate the Government, and the cures to be such as would hardly be prescribed by X's Mr. Churchill.

These rare and intrepid exponents of opposition receive from X a look, slow, measuring, *de haut-en-bas*. Such a look is enormously effective, and if accompanied by a crushing gesture, the removal of X's pipe from his mouth, at once reduces his adversary to what, despite a superficially respectable appearance, he must obviously be: a disreputable person, an ill-conditioned, underbred fellow. The victim's good suit begins, under that pungent stare, to look shiny and threadbare; his shoes, in fact sound, down at heel. He is, clearly, a creature of no account, and in the wrong bar. But since he has had the courage to raise his voice to utter what, in other circles, might appear to be sense, he is evidently a brash type, not to be dismissed by a look. Another blow is called for, and delivered by X in words of remarkable power: "If there is one subject I think we are all tired of, it's *politics*."

Roars of approval greet the well-known gambit. The provoker of the rebuke is convicted of nothing less than bad form, of being, indeed, a bore. Is the applause, perhaps, the sound of relief after authoritative permission to decline the challenge to think, implicit in the words of X's opponent? That, yes, but only partly: for it is well known that in certain circles the word politics means only Left-wing politics. Right-wing opinions are not politics; they are just ordinary, man-to-man, down-to-earth-horse-sense.

But since last week, some of us are waiting to hear whether X will ever again make use of that devastating rebuke. I think he will: he is a man not easily turned from the path of gentlemanly, farmerly duty, as he sees it. Nevertheless, on the last occasion he did receive a check. His adversary, who did not, indeed, at once declare himself as such, but rather, like the fierce but cunning Communists of Ministerial and Kensingtonian imagination, bored from within, was a singular young man. Obviously urban and intellectual, he wore a green shirt and corduroys, of a kind peculiar to literary circles, and he was smoking Caporals. When X had said his piece, rebuking one who had denied that the loss of Stafford Cripps was a blessing, the young stranger said, in a high, serious voice: "I couldn't agree with you more, Sir."

The impression he made was not, at first, good: it was felt that his approbation was uncalled for. But the times are dangerous, no ally is to be despised, and there was, in the young man's manner, however disagreeably alien, nothing offensively independent. He was not setting up as an equal to our pundit, moved to offer an alliance. He was, in the deference of his tone, declaring himself a disciple.

"Politicians," he said, "After all, who, what are they? You, Sir, I take it, are a farmer?"

There was a flavour of the stage about the speaker's delivery, it was a trifle hammy, and he told the other he was a farmer almost as Hamlet told Polonius he was a fishmonger. X said, "I am."

"Precisely. And would you think me far wrong to suggest that politicians are men who have failed at some such real work?" Now he was Socratic, using his mastery of logic to lead the other to some conclusion: but what? X, with unusual readiness, said: "You're dead right. But I'd go further."

"You would?" The young man was now eager, excited. "I'd say these politicians are a lot of damned, ignorant scroungers . . . dangerous parasites, that's what they are." "Ah." The young man sat back and regarded X with open admiration. "It's what I've thought," he said, "but somehow one doesn't find the courage to say these things. One's influenced, you know, by other people's opinions, people who know these men."

"And have an axe to grind," X said, knowingly. His new disciple shook his head sadly.

A man came in with market news, and for five minutes the direction of conversation changed. The young man sat in his corner and solemnly drank gin. A cow-hand put his head in the door to say that the auction sale was beginning, and everyone began to move towards the door. The young man stood up and X, immensely condescending, said: "Well, work, eh? I enjoyed our conversation."

"Thank you, thank you," the young man replied, earnestly, and asked eagerly, "Who would you say was the most outstanding politician in English life, Sir?"

"Oh, Churchill, unquestionably," X said. Then, under the other's steady stare, he lost some of his high colour, and took his pipe out of his mouth. Not a soul laughed, but we all looked uncomfortable except the young man, who pushed past us to the bar and asked for another gin.

EDWARD HYAMS

The Arts and Entertainment

LATE SHAKESPEARE

THE Stratford *Tempest* was one of those occasions which entirely justify a faith in "Producer's theatre." Mr. Michael Benthall has utilised all the resources which Stratford now commands—of actors and of stage machinery—to give us a *Tempest* which completely satisfies. If nothing is spared, nothing is sacrificed either. All the elaborate detail is completely in keeping; and for all the elaboration the essential simplicity of the play is left untouched. I have remarked before that it is Mr. Benthall's special gift to seize on the element in a play that will carry it dramatically forward; and he does that here. The enchantment that hangs over the island comes entirely from Prospero's art: nothing sleeps or stirs, comes or goes, is hidden or known, except at his direction; his hand evokes and controls all. To point this, to bring it forward to our sight at every reasonable point, that is Mr. Benthall's idea, and the result is to sharpen the intensity of our feeling that we too have been put for the duration under the spell. In the very first scene, when the ship begins to founder, Prospero is already there, and the wreck is visibly the product of his imagination, the work literally of his hand, for, as he is turned with his back to us, what we take in is his outstretched hand exerting its pressure on the event. We are in an under-water world of translucent greens and greys; sea-goblins and crustacean elves assist at the disaster, and the actual waves are alive under Prospero's wand. (True, this last little touch doesn't quite come off, but with more rehearsal it will.) The sense of enchantment is beautifully caught in Mr. Loudon Sainthill's very poetic designs, while Mr. Michael Redgrave perfectly interprets this aspect of Prospero. This, I think, is one of Mr. Redgrave's very best performances. Prospero cannot be said to be a grateful acting part. It is easy for him to appear aloof, superior, even something of a bore with a grievance. But from the first Mr. Redgrave distils an extraordinary human warmth and a dominating largeness of heart. Those who read the play symbolically as an expression of human beneficence triumphing in a malignant world, will find his performance particularly satisfying.

Nothing is more difficult for some reason than the portrayal of goodness in any medium, fiction, drama or acting. Mr. Redgrave brings off the difficult feat so successfully that his forgiving of those who have wronged him seems in action neither forced nor condescending nor priggish. To be forgiven is much harder than to forgive; but the forgiveness this Prospero bestows derives from such a warmth of nature that one feels it could be accepted for once without rancour. This warmth, too, throws a charm that touches to the quick over the innocent two whose beauty and love Prospero holds up before us as if on his hand. Mr. Richard Burton and Miss Penwarden contribute their striking appearance and an inner stillness. Here I have one suggestion. It is a mistake for Gonzalo, as he steps up to bless them, to raise a titter. The removal of a particularly ridiculous hat might be enough to avoid this, together with a greater dignity beforehand. Mr. Allan Badel, whose Fool in last year's *Lear* was so haunting, makes a beautiful and ethereal Ariel; but I think he can afford to diminish a little both his swaying and his assumed voice. Mr. Hugh Griffiths is a veritable mooncalf of a Caliban, and Mr. Michael Gwynne and Alexander Gauge get all there is to be got out of Trinculo and Stephano. Finally, I must mention the superbly staged masque which drew a spontaneous burst of applause as Juno rose triumphantly throned in the background and garlands descended from the skies to frame her. The *Tempest*, of all Shakespeare's plays, may be enjoyed more as poem than a play. It lacks dramatic conflict in its whole and in its scenes, but it creates and holds instead its own unity of mood. It is this unity which at Stratford is strikingly and imaginatively caught.

Unity is just what *The Winter's Tale* no less strikingly lacks. I always hope from a new production of it to be convinced and caught up, to learn the secret which endears it to many other people. But now I must resign myself to never learning it, for I cannot hope to see a better production than Mr. Brook's with John Gielgud at the Phœnix, and yet it still leaves me quite untouched. It is a weakness, but I cannot be enthusiastic over technical excellence, where I am not touched. I can only record. Mr. Gielgud's Leontes is a virtuoso's display. His range is increasing with every new part he undertakes. Until he played Angelo in *Measure for Measure* at Stratford last year, he seemed unable to liberate himself from a certain softness, which derived, I suspect, from the romantic actor's besetting fault of feeling it essential to win the sympathy of an audience. Freed from that restriction, he is now discovering in himself new depths of feeling and ranges of voice which did not seem to be there before. That Stratford *Measure for Measure* was also, it seems, a turning point for Mr. Peter Brook, who threw off, then, the last vestiges of his undergraduate cleverness and assumed an adult responsibility towards the play. Here he carries what he learned there a stage further. This *Winter's Tale* is in its first and last acts the quietest and most straightforward Shakespearean production we have seen for some years. No fussing, no dragged-in business, the minimum of movement. The voices are left to reign supreme. All the company contribute to a production that is designed, so to speak, vocally not visually, and especially Miss Wynyard's frankness as the least suspectable of beautiful wives, and Miss Flora Robson's exactly controlled hardness and edge as Paulina.

The second act (which embraces all the action which takes place in Bohemia) is, of course, another matter. For me this is one of the few acts of Shakespeare that I should concede as being better read now than staged. The words are as simple and fresh as the flowers in cottage gardens. But our visual and aural conception of the vanished rustic simplicities is now so vulgarised and sentimentalised that it is almost impossible to find a way through. I say "almost" because there is Mr. George Rose, the Autolycus, producing a version which really does seem to spring

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right out of himself, while the others remain irredeemable Kensingtonians mummersetting about in smocks and crooks. But then Mr. George Rose, we are beginning to notice now, is a really great comic on the way up. His Autolycus redeemed for me a middle act which irresistibly in its setting and its speaking reminded me of musical comedy, somewhere between *The Country Girl* and *Oklahoma*, rather more George Edwardes than Oscar Hammerstein. The one Brook touch, and a charmingly effective one, is the device by which Time turns on the years, the stage becoming for the time one of those Victorian glass toys that you turn upside down and it rains snow.

But I was happier to turn back to the improbable Leontes and the concerted voices and the absurd happy ending. And here, too, the dresses of the principals were a little less hideous. I have seldom seen such unbecoming costumes as those in the first act. Poor Sir Lewis Casson looks a positive guy in the baggy black breeches and short square jacket provided for all the gentlemen attendants, and there is another touch of George Edwardes when in the last act this ill-clad gentlemen's chorus gather to hear the solo delivered with great *éclat* by Paulina's steward (James Moffatt). But these reservations will only be felt to be just by those who remain as cold as I do in the face of this play on the stage. Those who yield to its spell will probably count this as one of the best Shakespearean productions of the last twenty years.

T. C. WORSLEY

BEECHAM AND "DIE MEISTERSINGER"

PEOPLE have a wonderful capacity for ignoring unwelcome facts. Because we have all longed to see Sir Thomas Beecham back at Covent Garden; because *Die Meistersinger* is a beloved masterpiece which has been sadly ill-treated there of late; and because it is an opera of which, in the past, Sir Thomas has given us memorable performances; *ergo*, as they say in Shakespeare, there was—even among those who must know the score inside out—a disposition, amounting to a determination, to pretend that last Friday's performance was also in the front rank. Alas, it was no such thing. For about half of the evening, it was only the rough sketch of a performance, which did not shake itself free from confusion and begin to develop positive virtues until the third act.

Since I appear to be in a minority of one, I must offer chapter and verse for my opinion, though aware that to do so will inevitably suggest the slate of Beckmesser. The main trouble was apparently under-rehearsal, aggravated by a conception of the score wanting in breadth and geniality, and expressing itself in hurried tempi to which the mainly German cast had not had time to adjust themselves. As a result, the first two acts showed a lack of unanimity between stage and orchestra which boiled up, from time to time, into a serious crisis. This is really not opinion, but fact; if the performance had been recorded or broadcast, the extent of the dislocation would have been quite evident to anyone capable of reading a score. Even before the curtain rose, there had been an anxious moment in the overture (just before the entry of the Prize Song theme in E major); and in the opening chorale the dovetailing of the orchestral interjections was so ill-managed that they were frequently inaudible. In the *ruhig* B flat passage preceding David's recital of the modes, instead of a smooth unision from horn and cello, the two came tumbling in on one another's heels. At the entry of Pogner, Ludwig Weber, by a long way the finest artist in the cast, was clearly bothered by a fast tempo which destroyed the goldsmith's natural dignity and gravity of utterance—a tempo which, a few moments later, made the glorious orchestral polyphony surrounding Kothner's roll-call sound almost trivial. The second act showed some improvement, but there was trouble over the Cobbler's Song, and a ghastly moment (Magdalena's "Beckmesser" just before the *Fliedermonolog*) when stage and orchestra were a full bar apart.

By the third act, the uncertainties of *Johannisnacht* had begun to vanish before the clear radiance of *Johannistag*. In the *Wahnmonolog*, Beecham drew ravishing sounds from the orchestra, and here too Karl Kamman, previously a rather matter-of-fact Sachs, more cobbler than poet, suddenly revealed an unsuspected eloquence and beauty of tone, and—in the ensuing scene with Walther—a ripe humanity and humour. But he was altogether too uncontrolled in the subsequent scene with Eva, whom he flung with unceremonious force at the much disconcerted Walther; not content with that, he proceeded to sweep everything off his table on to the floor in a rage, including even his noble folio. Impossible behaviour! Peter Anders was the most likeable Walther I remember; his voice is constricted in the upper part, but he sings with intelligence and lyrical feeling and maintains throughout a youthful and impetuous, yet chivalrous bearing. Elisabeth Grümmer drew a sensitive line in the Quintet, but has hardly the warmth of personality or the fullness of tone for the role of Eva. Benno Kusche is an immensely accomplished Beckmesser, with a rather good voice and an astonishing repertory of fussy gestures, which, however (it is the occupational disease of Beckmessers), he cannot resist repeating too often. Murray Dickie, though the timbre of his voice is rather dry for David, makes a pleasantly youthful and musical apprentice.

By the time this is printed, Beecham's *Meistersinger* will probably have shed the roughness which disfigured the opening night; whether it will also achieve the unhurried flow, the majestic ease, the golden radiance proper to this score, I take leave to doubt.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

HOGARTH AT THE TATE

HOGARTH is generally loved for what he left incomplete. He would be puzzled, and irritated perhaps, by the praise we now lavish on his fluid sketches, and I dare say he would be right to complain of the fuss we now make about them, since their charm is fortuitous and would be swept away if the sketches were carried further. The idea of the sketch as a finished, public performance dates from more recent times. His are not more charming, judged from our own standpoint purely as objects of aesthetic delight, than the sketches of Wilkie, Leslie, the young Landseer, Sir Francis Grant and other decent minor artists of the early nineteenth century. In any case charm is the last quality that ought to be applied to Hogarth who was a major artist, made of much sterner stuff, deserving to be praised for more solid achievements. Neither the painter nor the critic is capable of a just estimate of him because his finest qualities do not happen to be of a kind that to-day appeal to them. But by the art historian he has been acclaimed as a prodigy, chiefly because he put certain new important ideas, which later became platitudes, into circulation before anyone else in the world; and to the art historian, though not to the painter or critic, the order in which events occur is of vital significance. If an artist is the first, as Hogarth was, to adopt an attitude of mind and hence a style which only becomes widespread fifty years later, this in itself seems to the historian a point in his favour.

His originality is not of course to be discovered in his rather conventional conversation pieces, painted for a class with strict standards of decorum. He must have felt ill at ease in this *genre* that was becoming fashionable in his day, and that others, like Mercier, were no less adept at practising. His pure and humble genius only rose to the surface when he turned his attention to scenes of middle- and lower-class life. The Hogarth Exhibition at the Tate contains too much irrelevant material, too many stiff, elegant ladies in drawing-rooms, too many pictures that happened to be painted by his hand. He is an artist who needs merciless pruning. But in spite of the absence of sets of his serial works, the Exhibition contains a sufficient number of pictures executed in a humble spirit for a humble public to show how startlingly original he was. This point can be well enough illustrated by reference to three pictures only, painted by Hogarth in the forties and lent to the Exhibition by the Foundling Hospital, in the foundation of which he played an active part. The first is the superb enormous portrait of Captain Coram which in its combination of Baroque and realism is unique in European art of that time, anticipating Reynolds by a quarter of a century. The second is *Moses Brought to Pharaoh's Daughter*, a subject familiar from innumerable Venetian altarpieces of the period. It in fact bears a superficial resemblance to Sebastiano Ricci; but whereas Ricci, out of touch with contemporary middle-class society, glances nostalgically back at a dead glamorous past, Hogarth, with his natural sympathy for the poor and oppressed, creates something entirely new out of the worn story, so new that we think the picture cannot have been painted in 1746 but must belong to the age of Greuze, of Vien, of Benjamin West, even of Jacques-Louis David. One can imagine how astonished and delighted Diderot would have been on seeing it. The third is the famous *March to Finchley* which opened a new chapter in the history of realism. It is difficult to think of any artist between Brouwer and Goya who faced drunkenness so squarely as Hogarth did in this picture. As for the women leaning out of the windows of the inn, they make Rowlandson seem squeamish.

BENEDICT NICOLSON

SPANISH DANCERS

DURING the last years the Spanish dancer Antonio, like other unseen phenomena, has grown into a legend—such a legend, indeed, that one wondered whether he could possibly live up to it. But I am sure that everyone who goes to the Cambridge Theatre will agree that he exceeds all that one has heard about him and that nearly all the extravagant claims are justified. He is certainly far and away the finest Spanish dancer that I have ever seen; whether he is really one of the greatest dancers in the world, as his admirers reiterate, is more difficult to decide. Antonio may have arrived nearer to perfection in his sphere than a classical dancer (Eglevsky say) has in his, but it does not follow that Eglevsky is any the less great. Antonio's *Zapateado* strikes me as one of the most masterly achievements in the field of contemporary dancing. Watch the fabulous control that Antonio has over his feet—the same that a virtuoso pianist has over his hands. His heels make roulades and runs; elaborate trills swell into a formidable drumming noise and fade to the faintest rhythmic titter no louder than the chattering of teeth. No wonder that since Antonio's return to Spain (he has spent a great deal of time in South America) this dance has become a test that almost every dancer sets himself, but too often these intricate steps are performed as if they were a record-breaking attempt by a typewriting champion. No less beautiful is Antonio's solo *bolero—Boleras de medio passo*, I think it is called—which is in the classical style. This and the rest of the group of late eighteenth-century dances which he and Rosario perform reveal what superb exponents of classical ballet as well as of indigenous idioms they are. Goya, the audience murmured, when these *boleros* began, and indeed the effect was very like; that large masterpiece in the Prado, *The Dance of Saint Antonio de la Florida* seemed realised on the stage. Rosario and Antonio are the most eclectic dancers and their varied and excellently thought-out programme includes a magical *Jota Aragonesa*, free of all the usual archness and jokiness, also *Zongo Gitano*, a moving evocation of Lorca's ballad, a couple of Peruvian items and two great setpieces: *Seguidillas Gitanas* and a *Baile*

Flamenco. In the *Flamenco* dances Rosario comes into her own. She projects not only a charming voice but also a distinctive personality to the very back of the gallery. One might imagine that Rosario is overshadowed by her magnificent partner, but these two have been dancing together since childhood and they are both marvellous foils for one another's genius. Two admirable pianists, a trio of musicianly guitarists and a *Flamenco* singer are all that this tireless pair have to support them.

Greco and his company would seem more impressive if Antonio had not shot one's standards of Spanish dancing so irrevocably high, for his troupe includes a number of excellent dancers, notably La Quica, the celebrated Sevillian dancing mistress. But on the whole I was disappointed; perhaps because Greco is not a Spaniard at all, but an Italian from the Abruzzi, while other members of his company hail from the Lebanon. Could teams of Cypriots and Danes dance a convincing reel? Also Greco's programme is a curious *olla podrida* of good and too many variable ingredients. I liked Greco's *Miller's Dance*, and all his partner Nila Amparo and La Quica did. I disliked most of the longer items—the untidy series of dances to Rimsky Korsakov's *Capricho Espagnol*, the lurid and obscure ballet, *En El Cortijo*, and worst of all *Old Madrid*, a gay Nineties hodge-podge in an uneasy idiom that hovers between *Beau Danube* and *The Gold Rush*.

RICHARD JOHNSON

TELEVISION NOTES

TELEVISION Newsreel is one of the feats of British television about which nobody seems to write anything. A new edition appears three times a week. It is quite true that it is far easier for the B.B.C. to scoop the news than for the various newsreel companies who supply the cinemas—at a pinch the B.B.C. can use negative only and reverse the image to positive during the actual transmission.

News and Outside Broadcasts are obviously one of the keystones of a good television service. Stage one is to show what is happening whilst it happens—like the current programmes from Wimbledon. Stage two is to record what is happening on film and show it the same evening to the homing business-man; this is excellently done in summary and analysis of the day's play at Wimbledon at the close of each night's programme. Stage three is the slightly longer-term news service of the regular newsreel. Here the policy appears to be to mix national and international events with more homely stories like the Bradgate pageant last week or some survival of town or village custom or tradition. This is excellent, and on the right scale for home viewing. On the other hand, I often find the background music too strong and the delivery (and probably the scripting) of the commentary too tough and impersonal for home listening, too much like being at the cinema. I wish Television Newsreel would experiment with an issue or two in which no music is used at all apart from the opening and closing titles, and in which a simpler, easier, more conversational (though not chatty) form of commentary is tried out.

The Film Department is, of course, responsible for a great deal else in television—for film inserts to the plays (like the death of Volodarsky in Christopher Mayhew's play *All Those in Favour*, for example), for the fascinating inserts in programmes like the *London Town* series (which, in my opinion, are true television in form and substance, achieving an easy relationship between the use of filmed material and direct viewing). The Department is also responsible for the production of special films like that by John Read on Henry Moore, and the series of four films produced by Paul Fletcher with words by Clifford Dyment called *We in Britain*. . . . The Henry Moore film was a model of its kind; it was long enough to be detailed and unhurried in its treatment. It handled most imaginatively the difficult subject of the origins and themes behind Moore's sculpture, as well as showing how he designed and worked on the figure created for the Festival site. This should be the first of a series of such half-hour films made in careful collaboration with our leading artists, and, I suggest, with British architects, scientists, engineers and even philosophers. The B.B.C. is in a position to pioneer here in a direction less open to the film industry itself, with its complex financial problems of sponsorship and exhibition. The *We in Britain* . . . films I found less satisfactory because they were too crowded and generalised for my taste, and therefore depended almost entirely on the commentary to make their point. The special case, the representative *individual* always comes out best in documentary; the crowded scene or the merely impersonal use of the individual always tends to remain a background, however well these elements may be presented, as, for example, they were in the third film in this series, *By Our Works We Are Known*.

One of the most original minds working in television is Andrew Miller Jones. Perhaps the most famous series he has produced is *Matters of Life and Death*, but his other original productions have included *Inventors' Club* and the programmes in which the French film-maker Jean Painlevé has combined the television camera with the microscope. Miller Jones's new scientific series is called *Enquiry into the Unknown*, and is arranged by J. Bronowski and Anthony Barnett. It gives full scope to his flair for introducing living experiments into the studio. He takes the chance the thing will or will not come off, and so excites the viewer into direct participation with what is going on. This also is true television. The programme last week, *Sixth Senses*, was full of brilliant touches, like that of introducing a dog which was trained to answer to a whistle inaudible to the human ear. Another first-class little documentary with just the right touch of reticence was that written and produced by Caryl Doncaster—*The Violin* in her *Made by Hand* series.

ROGER MANVELL

THE MOVIES

"The Lavender Hill Mob," at the Marble Arch Odeon
"Hue and Cry," at the Academy
"Forward a Century," at the Telecinema

The Lavender Hill Mob has a first-rate comic character, and a first-rate situation depending on him: what more could a film want? The character, embodied with masterly skill by Alec Guinness, is a prim, gold-spectacled little man with a bowler hat—one of twelve million Londoners—whose job is to supervise the transit of bullion from the refinery to the bank. This he has done systematically, not to say pedantically, for years: the bars are packed into the van, driver and guard are inspected, Mr. Holland takes his chair inside, the doors are locked, and off they drive, to be pulled up at least once either to let a following car pass or to investigate another that may have pulled up ahead. A dry one is Mr. Holland, in deportment somewhere between a head clerk and an undertaker. He has always, we may be sure, given satisfaction. He lives in a genteel boarding-house. His secret is that he hopes to rob his bank of one million pounds.

How this improbability comes about—for it does come about—how Mr. Holland gets himself gagged and bound, and the bullion shipped as a consignment of little Eiffel Towers to Paris, provides the meat course of this comedy. Too many courses have to follow. Chases have to be invented. Lost Eiffel Towers have to be tracked down, and then Mr. Holland and his associate. A good deal of the original flavour vanishes, both out of the comedy and out of Mr. Holland himself (despite the imperturbable Guinness), though distractingly the fun is kept going till near the end. The first half is an Arnold Bennett story with a sly sparkle; the latter end suggests merely that the Ealing mob must have their fun, and that here, more often than not, they amuse. A

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come-down, or a neat tumble-down, for what is certainly our best piece of light-heartedness for many a barren month. A genial performance by Stanley Holloway, as the partner with a business in Eiffel Towers, emphasises the straightness of the Guinness impersonation: ham—tasty enough ham—and egg. Until he gets lost in car chases and bogged in a moral ending, Mr. Guinness hugs to himself a part that is only—if one comes to examine it—lightly sketched in. Whatever we take away of Mr. Holland, apart from his amazing exploit, is due less to the scriptwriter than to the actor. This is a script busy with incidental laughs and developments.

The visitor to London on the alert for a native sense-of-humour will find himself well catered for in cinemas at the moment. *The Lavender Hill Mob*, if not our highest, is our latest. That earlier essay by the same script writer and director (T. E. B. Clarke and Charles Crichton), *Hue and Cry*, has been revived at the Academy. I think—relying on memory—it is the better film. Its high spirits captivate, it mixes thrills and make-believe spontaneously, and when it comes to capers the kids, pouring out of ruins and on tricycles, have it. The more grown-up fun of *The Lavender Hill Mob* strikes one new note, of irony; but it can't keep it up. And no wonder. We might doubt whether any English film could sustain the balance for long.

The new Festival film very suitably marks a change between the exhibitions of 1851 and 1951, beginning with an exploration of Victorian prints and ending with South Bank alive and scientists prophesying the next hundred years. One gathers from all this that the world is speedily growing happier and more civilised every day. Perhaps no other philosophy is possible during an exhibition summer; and since the film was made for the Petroleum Films Bureau, it naturally takes a smiling view of petrol. By far the most interesting part of *Forward a Century*, which decently enough achieves its object, is in its still-life details. The Crystal Palace revives in the eulogistic art of its time, caricature has its fling with queer locomotives and passengers, and in sudden contrast the screen is occupied with miners on their backs hewing coal and a row of spectral figures seated under a riverside arch: the last an engraver's vision as haunting as one of Doré's.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

"Penny Plain," at the St. Martin's Theatre

This revue inevitably suffers from comparison with that at the Lyric, Hammersmith. It lacks the latter's freshness, originality and consistently high level of material. It also lacks its rival's pace and crisp production. Much of the subject matter, whether satirical or sentimental, has been worn threadbare. How often we have seen the quartette of newly poor-rich, how well we know the lady who steps out of the picture-postcard twirling her parasol and singing about Skindle's and the Edwardian long-ago. ("Your Uncle Willie kept me in his wallet till he died . . ." etc.). One item has already appeared in a revue by Herbert Farjeon. Two others should never have been allowed to appear at all—they suggest the kind of slapstick "Stop Press" material that is used to pad out a Green Room Rag after a film star has failed at the last moment. Yet there are many good things to be found here: Moyra Fraser's Terpsichorean mimicry, Miss Grenfell's coltish young woman whose "pash" for the distinguished novelist is purely literary; three surly girls at St. Trinian's, the Foreign Office selection board (old and new style), a retired Anglo-Indian couple's rendering of a Punjabi fertility dance. There is Elizabeth Welch, radiantly exuberant whether marketing in Paris or singing Calypso, and there is Rose Hill's tone-deaf diva. The Family Play has been exposed before, but never, I think, so wittily as in Charlotte Mitchell's sketch.

J. N. B. R.

Shaw Festival (Third and Fourth programmes), at the Arts Theatre

The last two programmes of Shaw's one-act plays have belied the promise of the first instalment; what began as a surprisingly entertaining repertoire has ended as a dubious act of piety. If *Augustus Does His Bit* and *Annajanska, the Bolshevik Empress* seem woodenly facetious, what is one to say about that philosophic melodrama, *The Glimpse of Reality*? Only the opening is Shavian; the rest could have been written by anybody. The evening was partly redeemed by the *Village Wooing*, perfectly played by Maurice Denham and Brenda Bruce. One was astounded at the beauty and pathos which this play can evoke when it is produced soberly and not ruined by having the man made up as a middle-aged Shaw and the woman's part played as a kind of rustic Ann Whitefield. The fourth programme consisted of the recruiting play, *O'Flaherty, V.C.*, *The Six of Calais*, *The Music Cure* and *The Dark Lady of the Sonnets*. The second and fourth of these were the most successful. Brenda Bruce, who has certainly proved her versatility this season (in her own particular line, she is a potential Marie Tempest), failed as Mrs. O'Flaherty but succeeded magnificently as Strega Thundridge, the pianist, and as The Lady in *The Man of Destiny*. Maurice Denham's clear-cut Napoleon made us forget that when Shaw wrote this part he intended it to incorporate all Irving's tricks and "business," yet we still felt Desmond MacCarthy was right when he remarked that "Napoleon would have got the letters without making all that to-do about it."

J. N. B. R.

FESTIVAL NOTES

British Painting, 1925-50, Second Anthology, at the New Burlington Galleries

A painting by William Townsend of the interior of Canterbury Cathedral is typical of the best of the 130 pictures which form the second half of the Arts Council's anthology. It is naturalistic without being fussy, subdued in colour without being dull, atmospheric—without being forced, above all it is quiet, a picture of sensitive but passive observation. And it is this attitude of contemplative detachment which is the essential characteristic of most of the work on show; it can reduce a railway station or a café to something as remote and static as a still-life, but, nearer home, it can distil poetry from the familiar and commonplace. Within the limits of this general attitude each painter's individual talent is discernible: Claude Rogers's matter-of-fact sense of weight, Coldstream's exact ability to analyse planes, Moynihan's graceful, almost slick, handling of paint, Lawrence Gowing's poetic undertones, Pasmore's sense of tension in the composition and arrangement of his pictures. But the exhibition includes other painters besides these of the Euston Road group, Sir William Nicholson, Mary Potter, Edward Le Bas. There is a finely coloured still-life of a Breton jug by the Scots painter William Gillies, a luminous beachscape by Morland Lewis and a good painting of Covent Garden by Charles Ginner; all, to a greater or lesser extent, share this passive attitude which is emphasised by the contrast of five Mark Gertlers—aggressive, passionate and desperate pictures by a man who was never detached.

J. B.

Cotman, Crome and Shakespeare, at the Norwich Festival

The collection of 1,200 "Norwich School" pictures assembled by the Colman family is now a possession of Norwich city; new galleries to house them were opened on the first day of the Norwich Festival. More than thirty artists are included, though the Cotmans and Cromes outweigh all others in number and magnificence. Both these artists have separate galleries almost too full of richness, for though the architects have compressed the galleries into remarkably little space, the pictures stand shoulder to shoulder—and to their disadvantage, despite the excellent layout and lighting. The other distinctive Norwich contribution is the Maddermarket Theatre double bill of Shakespeare; this group of anonymous amateurs, directed by Nugent Monck, offers a penny-plain, hammer-and-tongs version of *The Taming of the Shrew* and a confusingly over-cut *Pericles*, the latter textually close to Mr. Monck's production at Stratford some years ago. It has moments, but it also has *longueurs*; its production anywhere must be reckoned an act of blind bardolatry; this version was made bearable by fast yet coherent playing and a dignified and unpriggish Marina of fine voice and gentle bearing. The Elizabethan-type stage is compromised by rather too much painted decor and insufficient lighting, but it is a brave and fascinating institution, worth a day's journey by any theatre enthusiast.

A. V. C.

Festival of Education and the Arts, at the Barclay School, Stevenage

This, the most celebrated of the post-war schools, is itself a festival in architecture. It is worth a visit at any time but especially on a sunny day in June, with a great deal going on, indoors and outdoors. Then with its simple, spacious transparency, the building comes into its own as a setting for informal spectacle. The Barclay School is a Secondary Modern School with both boys and girls, and they put on Bridie's *Tobias and the Angel*, very successfully, and *Dido and Aeneas* was performed by the Watford Girls' Grammar School. Among the audience were quite a large party of flowerlike Chinese who were in process of learning about the British way of life. Purcell in periwigs, Miss China in summer silks, and the fine modern architecture did not, somehow, seem incongruous. There were also exhibits of furniture, ceramics, metal work and so forth made by Hertfordshire children which were not only skilfully made but so pleasant to look at that one really began to feel the worst period of English taste might be over, or nearly over. As for the children's paintings they were in every style, abstract, fauve, social realist, impressionist, expressionist, everything except Royal Academy, with a leaning towards what might be called "cultivated primitive." Very sophisticated these young painters but with so much vitality that they put the exhibits by grown-ups (Ayrton, Minton, Tunnard and others of equal reputation) somewhat in the shade. The whole occasion was remarkably unlike the old idea of education and very much nicer.

C. M.

Correspondence

SOCIALISM AND REARMAMENT

SIR,—It is difficult to discern any other aim in Mr. Healey's second bout of shadow boxing than the deliberate obfuscation of the issues before Socialists raised by Dudley Seers and myself.

1. He does not answer our conclusion that the Government cannot rate the immediate danger of a Russian armed invasion of a vital territory highly—for otherwise they would order complete war mobilisation to prepare for an atomic attack.

2. He does not answer our conclusion that under these circumstances, i.e., if we have to contemplate a long period of tension ahead, political and economic measures against the undermining of the internal social strength of the West must be given a higher priority than is implicit in our present policy.

3. He does not answer our conclusion that, in so far as it should be the aim of Socialists to *prevent* war, we must press for a method of rearmament which creates *a deterrent without being provocative*. The aim of building up forces sufficient to hold the Soviet in any given "Maginot" line necessarily involves measures such as German rearmament which must appear to the Soviet as acutely threatening: they court the very war we wish to avoid, before we are rearmed. Moreover, the effort must involve a burden which (especially if it continues to be as unjustly distributed between the U.S. and her allies as at present) will undermine democracy in vital outlying areas. The success of the Communists in Italy and France, the decline of democratic Socialism on the Continent, should be a stern warning to the British Government.

4. Finally, Mr. Healey disregards the fatal psychological consequences on the democratic countries, especially the U.S., of the continued sole emphasis on military preparations. In order to obtain acceptance of the burden of rearmament an atmosphere of intense fear has to be created which disregards the relative long-run weakness of the Soviet. Thus the chance of a compromise is undermined at the very moment when the strength of the West might succeed in achieving it. Moreover the intense rearmament will so distort the economic system as to make a reversal difficult—for fear of creating a slump.

5. Britain's actions seem to be actuated by fear that we are in grave danger of being abandoned by the U.S. if we do not follow all fluctuations of her policy—fluctuations caused mainly by domestic political struggles. There is no such danger. The U.S. needs Europe—the productive capacity and the bases of Europe—as much as we need her strength and help in resisting and deterring Communism. The future of the U.S. is not fatally menaced by a war as ours undoubtedly is. The danger is that comprehensible impatience and abhorrence might tempt the U.S. to lay down conditions which are unacceptable to the Soviet, e.g., the "freedom" of Eastern Europe. The present Administration no doubt is averse from such adventures—but it is not the only one conceivable even in the near future. Nor is it the master of the domestic position. All these considerations seem strangely neglected in current discussion in Britain, with fatal consequences on the clarity of our purpose and on a sound choice of means.

Minneapolis. T. BALOGH

SIR,—This argument has certainly stirred up some of the mud which lay beneath the cool limpidity of your correspondents' first letters. It would take too long to catch all the cats which escaped from Mr. Bowers' bag last week, but there are two or three points worth pursuing.

"Soviet local military superiority" has a very clear meaning to the layman in Western Europe. It means that, if war begins at present, the Red Army cannot be stopped before it reaches the English Channel. The peoples of Western Europe want to be defended, not liberated, and, most of all, they want peace. Until their defence is assured, their morale will remain poor. This, with all its consequences on their political and economic recovery, is an invaluable asset to the Communists, who claim to represent the future in the most literal and sinister sense.

Obviously the decision to "correct the local military balance" may increase the *immediate* risk of war since it sets a term to the period within which the aggressor can expect to win a local victory. The next twelve months will, in fact, be the most critical since 1945. But the only alternative to rearmament is appeasement—a policy to which the Left, and not the Right, first gave its present emotive power.

Mr. Bowers has failed to offer any third course. He can only justify his dislike of rearmament by suggesting that the premises of the argument are wrong and that present Soviet policy does not threaten world peace. This is the sort of wishful thinking it was my original purpose to expose.

Frankfurt. DENIS HEALEY

GROWERS AND GREENGROCERS

SIR,—Your article on "Growers and Greengrocers" was timely and welcome. It will doubtless bring forth criticism from many directions, but mainly from the too numerous parties with vested interests in the handling of vegetables as between the producer and the customer. It is true that it is fashionable glibly to talk of "freedom of the individual" and "democracy"; but the result is that nothing concrete is being done. In the meantime the producer, particularly the smaller man, is losing money, having to go out of business and in many cases being blamed by the harassed housewife for the high price of a lettuce or cabbage.

Producing vegetables, and selling them, are two very distinct and separate arts in themselves. Few men either have the ability or time to do both, if he is to be successful at either. It is true that efficiency, high yields and low production costs must always be aimed at, but it cannot be too much emphasised that the average horticulturalist, both large and small, is a hard-working specialist.

Without being unduly dogmatic, I would quite definitely state that there is no future for the large proportion of small market gardeners and glasshouse men, without some form of collective packing and marketing. The problem must be tackled immediately and with courage. Compulsion need not be introduced by an Act of Parliament, but by introducing a national scheme, which it would not pay producers to ignore. I would like to see the writer's article published in every journal read by the rural community. Again, Sir, thank you for your very clear and accurate summary of a complicated and urgent problem. B. W. LLOYD VEYSEY

Rookery Farm,
Wyboston, Beds.

SIR,—Your article "Growers and Greengrocers" seems to avoid two fundamental problems which a Socialist Government and possibly any Government must face in dealing with the problem of the spread between growers' and consumers' prices for vegetables.

First, is the community justified in expecting one group to work considerably longer and carry a much higher risk than any other, and that for a smaller cash return? (There is no doubt that many growers, working 70 or 80 hours a week, are, in fact, making less than if they were employed as general labourers.) If not, then there must be control of imports, for we cannot compete against goods produced in grinding poverty in Italy and Spain and even France, where the overall production costs are well under those in this country and where the climate is more favourable and the season earlier.

Secondly, we must learn more about the technique of control. So often, in the last two or three years, Government action, which we must presume is intended to be helpful, has, in fact, been disastrous. For example, at the moment, at the height of the soft fruit trade, greengrocers have bigger stocks of dollar and Argentine apples, Spanish oranges, and Italian plums than they have had for many months past. There is only limited money available to buy fruit, and the shop-keeper naturally prefers these more durable products, and clearly has no concern either with maintaining the English fruit-growing industry or with the national balance of payments.

JAMES WINSER

Weston Farm, Petersfield, Hants.

SIR,—As a director of a small retail greengrocery business, I heartily endorse the recommendations of your investigator regarding the growing and distribution of horticultural produce. Such reforms would be welcomed by every retail greengrocer in the country. Only one aspect seems to have been omitted from the recommendations—the ways of dealing with a glut. There will be gluts, even if acreage is regulated, especially when there can be no control over imported produce; and I do not feel that imports should be unduly restricted or taxed if it means the withholding or preventing cheap produce from reaching the consumer.

The solution to the problem is one for scientific research into the ways and means for storing perishable produce for comparatively long periods without marked deterioration. A start has been made in this direction by preserving apples in a carbon-dioxide atmosphere, and vegetables by the quick-freeze process. The chief drawback to the latter process at the moment is the high cost to the consumer, but carried out on a larger scale, it should be possible to retail frozen foods at reasonable prices.

The possibilities of preserving plums, damsons, tomatoes, lettuce, cabbage and cauliflower, all subject to gluts, should be carefully investigated. These preserved foods could, if a satisfactory method of preserving is found, be released for distribution at the times of scarcity, which occur as frequently as gluts, and such action would also tend to give the consumer a better chance of maintaining a balanced diet. D. S. PEACOCK

29 Rowan Tree Dell, Totley,
Sheffield.

NEW ZEALAND STRIKES.

SIR,—The two letters which you publish must only increase the doubts of your readers as to the rights and wrongs of the New Zealand Waterfront dispute. As a New Zealander temporarily resident here, but in close touch with the situation at home, may I make a few points?

(1) Anyone who has worked on the New Zealand waterfront must admit that the "wharfies" are slack. Regrettable though it may be, this state of affairs

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is the outcome of a prolonged struggle against the shipping companies and has been achieved step by step from the dreadful conditions under which they worked a few decades ago.

(2) It is ridiculous to talk, as some newspapers do, of the "Moscow-inspired dock strike." The vast majority of the dockers and their leaders are Labour supporters, and there is a strong Catholic element in the militant leadership, as well as some Communists.

(3) As Mr. Dove points out, the dockers are not on strike, they have been "locked-out" since they refused to work overtime when they were offered a 9 per cent. wage increase compared to the general 15 per cent. increase which the Arbitration Court awarded other workers. The Holland Government is perfectly aware that a mass of public opinion, perhaps rightly, regards the dockers as lazy. By systematically concealing the true facts of the dispute it is making a most determined effort to smash the strongest Left-wing union in the country.

(4) Despite what Mr. Lander says, it is an offence, punishable by a fine of £100 or three months imprisonment or both (Regulation 4, Waterfront Strike Emergency Regulations, Feb. 1951) to print any statement or advertisement intended to or likely to encourage or aid the strike. It is an offence to report any such statement by any person.

That the papers have interpreted this as forbidding them to print anything other than the Government case can easily be verified by a perusal of the newspapers in N.Z. House in London, where all the principal N.Z. journals are available.

My mother, who has never been politically minded said in her last letter (June 17th) "———talks too much about the strike. Very few people talk about it in company and those who do must not say that the Government have not been 100 per cent. right all through or they might find themselves in gaol."

It seems fantastic to me that conditions can have changed so rapidly in a country that has prided itself on its tradition of liberalism, liberty and tolerance.

Ottershaw Park, THOS. O. NEWNHAM
Chertsey, Surrey.

MRS. MONICA FELTON

SIR,—I did not hear Mrs. Monica Felton's talk over Moscow Radio, and I have seen her lectures and statements to the press after her return to England only in scattered and insufficient reports, for which reason I can neither agree with her nor disagree. But as a Danish Observer in the delegation sent to Korea by the World Association of Democratic Women I feel entitled to give the British public some information concerning Mrs. Felton's attitude on this journey, having been together with her the whole time during our stay in Czechoslovakia, in Russia, in China, and in Korea—apart from three days when we took part in different group excursions. We became very closely attached, among other reasons because neither of us—in contrast to the other members of the delegation—were members of the World Association of Democratic Women, and because both of us maintained on several occasions views which were not in agreement with those held by the majority of the delegation.

At the first meeting of the delegation in Prague, Mrs. Felton put forward the suggestion, supported by Miss Bachmann, the other Danish delegate, and myself, that the delegation should attempt also to go to South Korea, so that, on our return, we should be able to give reports from both sides of the battle-front. This suggestion evoked little interest from the other members. Mrs. Felton and I did not, however, give up the idea, but agreed that the two of us at, least, would try to realise it. The technical difficulties in arranging the journey to South Korea unfortunately forced us to give up the idea definitely in China, but I can certify that this was a great disappointment to Monica Felton.

It was during our stay in Mukden that Mrs. Felton and I protested sharply against the official talk by the chairman of the delegation, Mrs. Rodd—a talk in which she used expressions about the Americans which we would not allow her to use on our behalf. The chairman understood our views, and apologised.

According to her own wish, Mrs. Felton was elected a member of the committee which was to formulate the report from Korea. I did not take part in the meetings of the editorial committee, but she gave me very full reports of the considerations and of the ideas behind her own dissents; her independent attitude made her both troublesome, and impossible to disregard, for the other members of the committee. I remember one of her remarks, strikingly characteristic of her attitude in this difficult work: "I told them to-day that they had to put up with me as I was; England has always been difficult towards her friends." As a matter of fact, Monica Felton *was* difficult in this journey—she felt that as her duty and was respected accordingly.

It must be terribly bitter for her to see Western Democracy—the ideas of which she shares—letting her down by violating one of the ideals of liberty which is the backbone of her own political views.

11 Norre Voldgade, KATE FLERON
Copenhagen.

BERT BRECHT

SIR,—There is further evidence that the "insoluble dilemma" of Bert Brecht, already partly refuted by Mr. John Peet, has, after all, been solved. I recently received a letter from Chemnitz (in the Soviet zone, which Brecht's *Berliner Ensemble* toured recently) written by my friend and member of the *Ensemble*, Fräulein Annemarie Hase. She writes:

"From my personal knowledge of Brecht and from his general attitude it seems impossible to me that he should ever have explained that the reason for his having established himself in East Berlin is to be found in his choosing the way of the least resistance. On the contrary, I am fully convinced that, after having lived in America for a considerable time and experienced what the American way of life means, but also from his deep-rooted convictions, he couldn't but deliberately place all his talent, activity, power and work of a genius at the disposal of those with whom he knew himself in accordance of political thought. This does, of course, not exclude his producing or having produced his plays in West Germany or other parts of the Western world.

True, Brecht may be an independent and sometimes whimsical man, but he certainly has never left anybody in doubt where he stands and what he stands for; and to know that, it doesn't need any proclamation of allegiance: his work and his deeds speak for him. De Mendelssohn's statement that Brecht "joined no writers' association, sits on no committee, and signs no manifestos . . . etc., etc." is thoroughly wrong. Together with Arnold Zweig, Joh. R. Becher and other distinguished German writers, he signed an appeal and an invitation to West German artists, scientists, publishers and writers to start talks and discussions about questions concerning *all* Germany and *all* German intellectuals, above all the question of German unification and, in view of the alarming developments in West Germany, of resistance to remilitarisation. This appeal appeared in the papers together with declarations of agreement and readiness for common talks by a great number of West German personalities.

Moreover, at the recent World Peace Congress held in Berlin, Brecht was present whenever his manifold work allowed him to, and he became a member of the Executive. This, with Brecht as with all honest peace-loving men, does not mean a mere honour and a title added to a long list, but active work and fight for peace.

Now for *Lucullus*. The snag is that I was not present either at a rehearsal or the actual performance, which I very much regret. So I can't judge from my own impression, but only tell what I have heard and what everybody knows: that it was an overwhelming, undisputed, or almost undisputed, success for the whole work, for the play, the music and the setting and costumes. (Some people say, though, that the music struck them as rather unbalanced, very melodious and harmonious at times, and then again plunging into almost unbearable dissonances.) Anyway, all that was said in the papers, all the rumours that have been spread about, all the nonsensical talk about pre-arranged booing and the distribution of the tickets seems to me grossly exaggerated. The event started ardent discussions everywhere, and the play was used as a basis for a fundamental treatise on formalism and realism, and Brecht, as far as I understood it, was reproached for having used for a realistic theme a formalistic and unrealistic music . . .

I understand that Brecht and Dessau have had a very friendly discussion with Pieck and, I think, Grotewohl too, about *Lucullus*; some suggestions for alterations have been made, and the outcome is that the opera will be taken up again in the new season, probably in the normal *repertoire* of the State Opera.

London. H. E. R.

PUNISHMENT IN PRISONS

SIR,—The Howard League would like to see the appointment of full-time trained social workers in every prison. Their task would be to help prisoners to face up to themselves, their problems, and the aftermath of prison. Many countries already have such social workers. We have got our chance to press for similar appointments in this country now because the Committee recently set up by the Home Secretary to look into the functions of Discharged Prisoners' Aid Societies has terms of reference wide enough to cover such a proposal.

Full-time trained social workers could, I submit, be of great help to prisoners, many of whom cannot express themselves easily, and some of whom are illiterate. Moreover, a report on the personality and motive of the offender could be of value to the adjudicating authority in assessing the prisoner's sentence. Obviously, the system would have to be flexible, and the social worker would have to proceed with tact. But to exclude help altogether would be a most retrograde step. How great the need for it is can be demonstrated by reminding you that corporal punishment can no longer be imposed as a sentence of the courts. Yet a prisoner living in an atmosphere of constant tension, if only because he is deprived of his liberty, and sometimes reacting accordingly, can still be sentenced to 18 strokes with the cat o' nine tails.

The community produces crime and is responsible for its treatment. The Prison Commission is believed to be interested in the proposal to appoint full-time trained social workers. The Treasury, which would have to finance the scheme, is gravely pressed by economic circumstances. But its officials know that man is more than just an economic being. They only require convincing that we know it also. Let us convince them. HUGH J. KLARE,
Secretary
Howard League for Penal Reform.

DEGAS AND THE RUSSIAN BALLET

SIR,—In his review on June 23 of Books on Ballet Mr. Richard Johnson pays a handsome tribute to M. Lemoisne's Catalogue Raisonné of Degas' work, but deals much less handsomely with Miss Lillian Browse's *Degas Dancers*.

In fairness to Miss Browse it should be made clear that it was with the countenance of such high authorities on Russian Ballet as Alexandre Benois and Serge Grigorieff that she advanced what your critic describes as the "fanciful contention" of 1909 as the date of Degas' brilliant series of *Danseuses Russes*. After scrutinising a colour-reproduction of a pastel once in the private collection of Ambroise Vollard, M. Benois found Miss Browse's supposition "*tres* probable," and M. Grigorieff said that both movement and costumes were definitely from the *Gopak* dance in the ballet *Le Festin* as it was produced in Diaghilev's first season in Paris.

Mr. Johnson asserts that "by 1908 already Degas was incapable of clearly seeing a spectacle on the stage—he was too blind—let alone of drawing it." On the other hand the late Paul Lafond, a great friend of Degas, said in the 2nd volume, pp. 33-34, of his monograph on the painter published by Floury in 1918-19 that Degas followed the various performances at the Chatelot in 1909 with the keenest interest. Furthermore he gives a vivid description of the very pastel on the reproduction of which the two Russian experts based their endorsement of the admittedly surprising date assigned by Miss Browse to Degas' "swan-song."

With great respect to M. Lemoisne, it is difficult to think that a music hall troupe of dancers is likely to have anticipated in 1895 the choreography and decor which was to prevail under Diaghilev.

LOUIS FERGUSSON

Books in General

THE religious revival is an important fact in contemporary intellectual life and it is not a simple and unanimous tendency. In certain aspects—and these are the least interesting—the new religious drift is the expression of nostalgia, an escape from the unbearable realities of modern life, a sophisticated return to superstition or to the past as a ready-made shelter. In some minds religion is obviously the cult of bric à brac, pursued by connoisseurs with a freakish taste for salvage and *objets trouvés*; in others it is a considered revaluation of the traditions of Western culture. But there is another movement which cannot, from any point of view, be described as escapist, consolatory, or authoritative. It owes its teeth to masters like Barth, Kierkegaard and other naturally religious imaginations, its tendency is mystical—the mystics have never been liked by temporal authority—and its characteristic literature is spiritual autobiography. For its writers—or so it seems to an outside observer—religion is the imaginative language of the psychological and moral processes inside us, but inflamed (as it were) by the idea of Immanence. To the boring platitude so often uttered—that man's technical powers have outrun his morality—the answer of the mystics seems to be that it would be blasphemous to reduce these technical powers; a technical equipment no less bold and intricate will be found in the individual soul. The precisions of the religious laboratory—if we may give this ugly name to mysticism—are as elaborate as those of science or the machine; and by their images and symbols the mystics reanimate the anxiety, the tragedy and the illuminations of human life.

Pierre Emmanuel's *The Universal Singular** is an example of this kind of religious literature. He is a young French writer, now in his thirties, a poet working within the Christian tradition, and the book is the minute record of a spiritual search. Stern, earnest, youthful, difficult and often eloquent, often hard to seize, it awakens the imagination and makes a powerful impression. I say "impression" advisedly. There is a good deal of metaphysical argument which is beyond me and which, in any case, I find wearying, but there are wonderful oases of wisdom and clarity in between the pages of argument and there is most wisdom and life where there is most emotion. The difficulty of the book lies in the closeness of the thought; if, as M. Emmanuel says, the conflicts of the religious and poetic spirit are tragic, the statement of them leads to a journey through the æsthetic jungle. I must congratulate his translator here on succeeding more often than he fails with an often rhetorical author. A second difficulty (which some readers may not feel) is that religious minds like M. Emmanuel's are at home in a feverish solitude of which we have not the habit. We can enter it for short spells only.

> A religious mind is not one which dreams solely of Paradise and of union with God after death; it is above all that which can only be satisfied by an absolute explanation of consciousness and its avatars—an explanation which may or may not be crowned by the paradisical vision.

His own was formed in a grimly isolated childhood. Left to the care of his relations when he was not much more than a baby, the boy hardly saw his parents, who were in America, until he was twenty. He was brought up by an uncle, a conventional Catholic, who regarded religion (as many Protestants of the Rotarian kind do) as an insurance policy taken out to ensure respectability, "safe" ideas and success. He was educated by the laicised Christian Brothers in Lyons, a mediocre, unimaginative and pitiful collection of crammers, all (except two priests among them) humbugs of the grubbiest kind, and his account of this glum and hideous religious school is remarkable. The boys were turned into examination-passing machines because it was politically vital for religious education to compete with the free institutions. The pupils learned by memorising—with the result that, though he was their most brilliant pupil, M. Emmanuel's memory was destroyed—and after the crammed hours the pale little bourgeois, in his ugly blue uniform, went home to endure the ever-watchful regime of the moral martinet his uncle had become. The provincial mind is consumed by watchfulness and paralysed by suspicion. Such a regime could only drive the mind of a sensitive boy inwards and upon itself; it became religious despite the vulgarities of official teaching which was further perverted by the peculiar manias about sexual purity which were conveyed by one of the Preachers of the Brothers, a self-styled Monseigneur:

> I will not lower myself to reciting all the fine yarns he spun us, but will note only one which shows what the rest were like. Well, there was a certain student (from our College) who had turned out badly, shortly after the retreat he made on finishing his studies (at which he had shown great piety, but too little perseverance). I will skip the details: they were extremely precise, although veiled by a richly unctuous style. He fell dangerously ill, and his mother in despair sent for Monseigneur who, in spite of hastening there at once, arrived too late: the wretched man was Dead. (Here followed a description of Death himself in all his pomp, knocking, knocking at the door. . . .) . . . I remember his exact words: "He was dead, my children, with a book by Zola in one hand and a photograph of a woman of ill-repute in the other. When he was dead, his body went quite black."

Fortunately, there were better advisers than this pornographer-terrorist, and if years of miseducation left M. Emmanuel without any intellectual background, he was helped out of muddle and ignorance by two sensitive and gifted priests one of whom, an æsthete and mathematician, was to throw up the pleasures of poetry, mathematics and scholarship to lead the local Resistance in the war and to die in one of the German massacres. But dream and solitude were M. Emmanuel's cross:

> In a landscape of ruins which my melancholy multiplied, I played at feeling myself alone and, as it were, exiled from ordinary time. I caught the sickness poets suffer from, of making fables of their feelings, of being unable to feel without creating a mental picture—a real plague. But it gave tone to my language, the eloquence of the simulator who depends on the innate sensibility of words. Caught in this sham, I soon reached a point where I could no longer distinguish the real emotion from the invented one: the real cause was obscured behind all the variations played upon it. The slightest sign (a solitary gull in the winter sky, the whistle of a train crossing the river) as long as it caught the note of my vast and vague nostalgia, could with its harmonics awaken the remote vistas of my solitude. I became drunk with the idea that I was carrying all the unhappiness of the world in my heart.

There was a phase of reading Nietzsche and of treating *Les Nourritures Terrestres* as a Bible, but later the adored Gide seemed like a deceitful simulator, a beautiful dealer not in reality but in words. The attack on Gide is not strange for though there are affinities between Gide's mind and M. Emmanuel's, the master was sly and did not give himself wholly to the religious drama, or at any rate, never abandoned himself, as the poet was to do, to its images and symbols. There was, for the young mystic, no dramatic dichotomy of the spirit and the senses, between sin and pleasure, for

> When I do evil I know the implications of my act; I go against myself, and disfigure my own unity.

For what he calls the operatic side of his Church, its accumulated paraphernalia of minor observance, those parts of its doctrine which have outlived their historical necessity, and for much of its temporal activity, M. Emmanuel has no regard. I am not sure that this is logical in one who regards past and present as, imaginatively speaking, simultaneous. He evidently hankers after a primitive, reformed Catholicism. He put his faith in the rational interpretation of fundamental human myths, which he had learned from his remarkable guide the "imprudent" and brilliant Abbé Larue, who cooked so well in the Lyonnais fashion, liked his brandy, his books and his pictures and referred sarcastically to his archbishop—an ex-lawyer—as "my client Jesus Christ." M. Emmanuel's mysticism not only sees the universe in a drop of water, but the whole of historic time and human experience as instantaneous. The tortures inflicted on the men of the Resistance were the tortures of Christ. At one time he was powerfully drawn to the French Protestants chiefly because of their manner of interpreting the Bible as simultaneously history, doctrine and life. As a poet he moved towards austerity and simplicity. To distinguish analysis from rhetoric in a very emotional work of this kind is difficult and one is not surprised to find him accusing himself of excessive mental dissection and of mistaking "the wish to exist" for "existing." His childhood had given him obsessions, and for a long time he was on the verge of breakdown. The war saved him, as it saved many sick minds, not only by dramatising evil outside himself but by bringing home to him the common responsibility.

The concrete intervals in a very abstract book are the extraordinary account of his schooldays and of his life as a teacher in the awful school later on; and also the deeply interesting account of his changing attitudes to language and poetry. He was not, he says, a born poet, and his early poetry was that of one wishing to be poetical and was derived in sentiment and language. It was the poetry of the fraudulent dream of literature, as most bad poetry is. His poem

* *The Universal Singular*. By Pierre Emmanuel. Translated by Erik de Mauny. *Grey Walls Press*. 13*s*. 6*d*.

Le Christ au Tombeau was written after a long intellectual struggle with language itself. The poem succeeded because it found a form for the central horror of his life: his own spiritual death and resurrection in the hated sepulchre of Lyons. There is a long and excellent evocation of this city in the book and a curious general denunciation of its people which those who romanticise France ought to consider:

> If the Lyonnais do not share their virtues, neither do they share their vices, which, with them, are very secret, deep-buried, rotted with shame. They enjoy no freedom in evil. They are, in fact, terrorised by it, but its fascination makes them practise all sorts of turbid pleasures. There is nothing—not even their notion of good—which is not contaminated by it. Even while they do good they feel a nostalgia for evil. They possess the thoroughly Jansenist art of abasing the body in its simplest delights. The pleasures of the table are the only ones which do not fill them with remorse. In a climate so inclement to life, the majority become withered very young. They are egoists with the constricted virtues of egoism, the family instinct, a tendency towards thrift, and, among the rich, a façade of proud simplicity which makes them feel they are poor in spirit, while in reality they lack that ease which consists in enjoying beauty in display and not display in beauty. . . . They never waste a thing, but keep a budget of their pleasures.

From the cotton-wool mists, the bitter winds, the heated stupors of this city and its watchful provincial eyes, the poet slowly emerged, rising from the mystic's abyss, leaving the Narcissus of adolescence behind at last, to enter "the meagre and harsh freedom" of adult life. M. Emmanuel has written a book that will sometimes cause smiles and frowns of bewilderment in the reader, but these frowns and smiles will always be sympathetic, for it is done with dignity and fervour. Rarely does the didactic note congest what is best in it: the sense of a quest.

V. S. PRITCHETT

THE DESERTER

This is a winter-land,
A country of December,
With the sunlight slanting
Over the woods at midday,
And night coming early;

The day fading in rain-light
On the upland pastures,
And the fruited spindle
Lighting its red bale-fires
In the hedge at owl-light.

I people this land with heroes:
A soldier, a slick deserter
Running in the woods at dawn-light,
Safe among trees, the red-caps
Hot on his tracks in the snow-light.

A soldier lost, and faring
From a lost land to new country,
Scared of the pheasant's shouting,
A townsman, afraid of fearing,
Wanting a bed at evening;

Knee-holly and blackthorn
Pricking his shins and conscience,
Khaki and heart torn
In the snow-bound silence—
Alone in the dawn-light.

Tracks in the snow provide
No clue to his story:
Roll on the night and the town-light—
The coupling of beasts at sundown,
An impermanent glory.

JOCELYN BROOKE

C. P. CAVAFY

The Poems of C. P. Cavafy. Translated by JOHN MAVROGORDATO. *Hogarth Press.* 12*s.* 6*d*

Most of those English readers who had heard of Cavafy by the mid-nineteen-twenties must have owed the pleasure to E. M. Forster. An essay in *Pharos and Pharillon* was devoted to this poet—"a Greek gentleman in a straw hat," it may be remembered, seen in the streets of Alexandria, halfway between his flat and his office, pausing where "kings, emperors, patriarchs have trodden the ground," and "standing absolutely motionless at a slight angle to the universe." Some account of his poetry was given, together with some translations which showed it to be unlike anybody else's, and the whole essay, so fresh in matter and manner, was a whetter of curiosity.

In the same far-off decade it was possible to buy in Athens and Alexandria a voluminous anthology of modern Greek poetry. Like some others it was fatuously comprehensive, and memory calls up specimens from a good many poetasters who had dipped their pens in honey and were much too ready to rhyme *loukoudia* with *tragoudia*. Among them one came suddenly upon a small portrait of Cavafy, with an aloof air, a sad moustache, and the appropriate high collar of the nineteen-hundreds: beneath it was a short biographical note, and beneath that, like wrought gold, some of his poetry.

This reviewer had the honour of receiving from Cavafy copies of two volumes of his poems, printed in Alexandria—those of 1905-1915 and 1916-1918. Cavafy (1863-1933) took care to arrange his poems according to the dates of their composition, and sometimes to annotate them with the dates of the real or imagined happenings which they commemorate. He was obsessed with the flight of time. A meditative poem called *Since Nine O'Clock* ends with the lines:

> Half past twelve. How the hours have passed.
> Half past twelve. How the years have passed.

The two strains in Cavafy's poetry (or, as Mr. Rex Warner calls them in his introduction, "main sources of inspiration") are bound up with considerations of place and of specified epochs. Alexandria is the centre of his world and his strongest feeling for Greek traditions seems to begin where what Mr. Forster has called Public School Greece leaves off. A poet has his obsessions, and this non-heroic, non-political, non-topical, and essentially non-popular poet's imagination drew its nourishment from the scattered Hellenistic world with its mingling of races and cultures, from anecdotes and legends of Seleucid kings and Byzantine emperors, from Antioch and Alexandria, from records and memories, and, in his own life, from homosexual love affairs. There is much learning in Cavafy, and Professor Mavrogordato, in his footnotes, indicates some of the literary sources. He has also given a list of those works on Cavafy, published in Greek since the poet's death, which are necessary to a full study of his life and writings. Above all, he has given us this most welcome English version of an extraordinary Mediterranean poet.

Demetrios Capetanakis, that gifted Greek poet and critic who died in England in 1944, singled out as a characteristic of modern Greek poetry "the attitude of absolute freedom in facing Death with courage," and found examples of this attitude in Cavafy. Other characteristics of Cavafy's poetry are much more obvious. There is his sense of continuity, which seems to steep in the same ambience all his remotest and nearest evocations of Levantine life. Cavafy is like that old mirror which

> had seen, and seen,
> In the many years it had been
> In existence, thousands of things and faces;

and he has that kind of serene disillusionment and spiritual urbanity that is only to be found in old, noble, and corrupt civilisations. Uniquely mingled with his sense of history, or with his personal mythology of history, is his erotic intensity, and this is inseparable from his candour and directness. He had the courage of his own bias:

> Delight and perfume of my life for me, that
> I rejected
> Every indulgence in habitual loves.

A poem commemorating the consummation of a "lawless pleasure" touches upon a slight sensation of guilt and anxiety that followed it, and ends:

> But for the artist how his life has gained.
> To-morrow, the next day, or years after will
> be written
> The lines of strength that have had their
> beginning.

Life has gained, and art has gained, and how can any gain be greater? *Days of 1856* alludes to a puritanical community which "had all its values wrong" because it failed to allow for physical beauty or the courage that does not hesitate to set

> The pure flesh that gives
> Pure pleasure to man

above worldly success and conventional ideas of honour and reputation.

The sensuality of many of Cavafy's poems, though open, is never crude. It is transmuted into poetry, exalted by the thought or memory of pleasure, and by pleasure made fruitful for art and for irrepressible and ever new pullulations of life itself. The tinge of melancholy that imbues his work may be ascribed in part to his acute sense of the transience of beauty and pleasure, to his detachment, and above all to his pervasive consciousness of time passing—but not like a "winged chariot": behind every Cavafy poem time can be heard ticking, not so much like a clock as a time-bomb. His melancholy can flower as a kind of impassioned pity, as in the early lines about the solitary old man who sits with a newspaper, thinking of his missed opportunities, and who absurdly trusted Prudence, with her false promise of "Plenty of time. Another day."

The originality and poetic force of Cavafy's collected poems are known outside the Greek-speaking world, but the modesty of Professor Mavrogordato's note on his translation must not be allowed to obscure his great care and ingenuity or the service he and his publisher have done to literature by making these versions of the poems generally accessible to the English-speaking reader.

WILLIAM PLOMER

ANOTHER SHORT CUT

Venture with Ideas. By KENNETH WALKER. *Cape.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

When we are young, innocent and hopeful, we believe in the short cut. In my time I have adopted short cuts to a hundred pounds, to a beautiful girl, to popularity or to success *tout court*. Older and more experienced, we seek short cuts to more sophisticated goods, such as self-control, charm or that famed philosophic calm which will render us impervious to the toothaches and pimples of experience. We seek for recipes for happiness or, in our more disinterested moods, solutions to the riddle of the universe. It is the part of maturity to recognise that there is no short cut, no recipe, and that to the secrets of the universe nobody holds the key.

So, I suggest, it is with most of us who, if only by reason of the passing of time, have attained some small measure of maturity but so, apparently, it is not with Mr. Walker who has found in the teachings of Ouspensky and Gurdjieff the recipe and the key which most of us seek in vain.

It is hard to repress a feeling of surprise. Mr. Walker is a man of first-rate intellect and an eminent surgeon, who has made a name for himself as an explorer of that ambiguous territory where physiology, psychology and philosophy meet. He has brought back from his explorations information of considerable value and originality, which he has set forth in books of great power and charm. Mr. Walker, in short, is a wise man; he is also a canny Scot. And now it appears that all these years—in point of fact since 1923—he has been keeping something back.

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THE GREY WALLS PRESS

Ever since 1923, he tells us, he has been forced to omit from his writings "what was of such great importance to me, the system of knowledge I had obtained from Ouspensky." Throughout these years he has kept silent about this system because of the terms which Ouspensky "exacted of all his followers, namely, that nothing that was learned at his meetings should be spoken about in public or allowed to appear in print." Even the fact that the meetings were originally held in Warwick Gardens had to be suppressed. It is hard to see why. "All this secrecy," Mr. Walker comments, "seemed to me to be utterly absurd and the more I thought about it, the less able I was to discover any reason for it." But the feeling of absurdity belongs to Mr. Walker, the neophyte; subsequently he seems to have taken the secrecy for granted.

For my part, I cannot help subscribing to Mr. Walker's earlier view. For, indeed, in the teaching as here set out there is nothing harmful, nothing even very novel. Mr. Walker disclaims all intention of giving an account of the system which Ouspensky derived from Gurdjieff. His purpose is rather "to give an account of the impact of this knowledge on a man who had received an orthodox scientific education . . . the man in question being myself." Some hint of the doctrines taught does, nevertheless, emerge. There is not one "ego", but there are many; to talk about "a personality" is, therefore, misleading. This society of "egos" works like a machine "set in motion by external influences, by impressions reaching us from the outside world." The attempt to analyse the psyche by the methods of psychology is mistaken. What is required is not self-analysis but self-observation and self-study—"Self-knowledge was the beginning of all wisdom." What it is, if there is no self, that observes and studies, and what it is that is observed and studied, is not clear. The apparent contradiction is, perhaps, less important than it seems at first sight, since the rigour of the analysis of the self into a sequence of automatic psychological fragments is subsequently abated. There is, it appears, a real self after all, though in most of us it is asleep. It can, however, be awakened by the appropriate psychological techniques.

The apparent materialism of the system also disappears upon closer examination, for although no separate provision is made for, no apparent recognition accorded to, the conception of the mind or spirit, matter itself, it appears, is partly spiritual; at least "it has psychological as well as spiritual properties, the finer matters possessing these properties in a very high degree." Finer matters permeate denser matter much as, on a straightforward vitalist theory such as that of Shaw, life or spirit expresses itself in matter. Man, therefore, is represented as being composed of different grades of matter, in fact of four, although of his four bodies the last three are said to exist only in the fully developed man. The fully developed man possesses esoteric powers, including, apparently, the power "of withstanding such a catastrophic event as the decay of the physical body." Death, therefore, is not the end. How are these powers developed? Here at last we come to the root of the matter, the esoteric knowledge which Gurdjieff, through the medium of Ouspensky, seems to have transmitted to Mr. Walker, a secret knowledge which has come down through the ages.

Gurdjieff is described on the wrapper as "one of that long line of men who, at various times in the world's history, have imparted orally to a small following a teaching of an esoteric nature." Upon Mr. Walker he made a tremendous impression—"He had achieved greater consciousness, control and unity than those possessed by other men," which is presumably one of the reasons why the account of Mr. Walker's first visit to Gurdjieff in Paris is given in such great detail. The impression produced upon the reader is, however, rather disagreeable than otherwise. Thus Gurdjieff is said by a friend to write with the object of destroying "'mercilessly, without any compromise whatsoever, in the mentation (*sic*) and feelings of the reader, the beliefs and views by centuries rooted in him about everything existing in the world.'" He insists on his guests drinking brandy or vodka—there are up to twenty-five toasts per meal and the regulation dose is one glass for every three toasts—whether they like it or not. He is everything to all men. Even if they believe him to be a charlatan he apparently so acts and speaks as to confirm the belief.

Mr. Walker's sketch of Gurdjieff is done with great skill and makes fascinating reading. He possesses in a high degree the rare ability to make righteousness readable, and the long account which leads up to and finally tracks down the Master comes to the reader with something of the effect of a picaresque novel on the spiritual plane, a record of the adventures of a soul among the seers.

But seers of what? This brings me back to the question, the answer to which has hitherto been kept in suspense, how are the spiritual powers which would enable us to defy death developed? Alas, we aren't told. There is a vague account of movements—apparently rather difficult and disagreeable movements—and dances designed to facilitate the concentration of attention. There are the usual references to Orphism and Pythagoreanism, but the gist of the matter escapes us, as Mr. Walker blandly tells us that knowledge of this kind is imparted only "orally and in accordance with the standing of the pupil." It is difficult not to feel that one has been led up the spiritual garden path.

C. E. M. JOAD

THE GOLDEN BALL

William Blake. By H. M. MARGOLIOUTH. *Home University Library; Oxford.* 5s.

I give you the end of a golden thread,
Only wind it into a ball—

These words of Blake have tempted many to try to unravel the symbolism of the most difficult of all English poets, and there are so many ends of golden thread that you may pull a piece out almost anywhere, and begin winding. But sooner or later the thread gets into a tangle, and the only thing to do is to snap it off and be content, not with one single all-embracing golden ball, but with a small sample of the magic stuff. That is what many Blake writers have already given us, and Mr. Margoliouth's golden ball is less tangled than many.

From the first chapter, a rather perfunctory summary of Blake's life, one might quite wrongly conclude that this little book is a mere re-hash of previous work on Blake. (It is surely time to stop re-telling the few and simple details of a life, adequately dealt with by Gilchrist and Miss Mona Wilson, in whose candour malice can find no hidden ugliness, and about which the most devoted research is not now likely to discover any significant new facts.) But the later chapters, on Blake as artist, lyric poet, rebel and prophet respectively, are more than a mere re-telling, and the book improves in each successive chapter. It is already much to say that Mr. Margoliouth is extremely just and never, it seems to me, goes astray altogether as some writers have done, giving, as it is very easy to give, entirely wrong interpretations, dictated by some preconception, theological, political, or psychological, that Blake himself would never have accepted as a valid standard of judgment. Blake is nothing if not mathematically precise, and interpretations of his symbolism are either right, or wrong, not half-and-half; Mr. Margoliouth is seldom wrong, and has some interesting new points to make. Following a clue first provided by Mr. Wicksteed, he rightly emphasises the importance of studying the designs along with the text of the poems, and never forgets that Blake himself, whether or not we judge his poetry to be superior to his designs, thought of himself, primarily, as an artist.

Perhaps he makes too much of Blake's "conversion" between his *Four Zoas* and *Milton* and *Jerusalem*. Blake was a Christian when he wrote *The Marriage of Heaven and Hell*, and his references there to Jesus who was "all imagination" and acted from impulse, not from rules, is surely the seed from which his more elaborate later conception of the Divine Humanity has grown—if there was a conversion, it was an expansion, not, as in the case of St. Paul that Mr. Margoliouth uses as a comparison, a change of heart. But whether we see Blake's development as a gradual unfolding of wisdom, or a sudden revelation, there can be no two opinions as to the final result, which is a coherent visionary philosophy unequalled in our literature. Nor, it seems to me, does the latter vision renounce earlier beliefs in sexual or political emancipation—Blake, like the writers of the Hebrew scriptures, saw history and human life as a realisation of spiritual things; prophet that he was, he was never otherworldly. Perhaps Mr. Margoliouth's worst tangle is with "spectres"—of Los, Urthona, and Albion, about which there is a good deal of obscurity; but, after many notable attempts, by Ellis and Yeats, by Sloss and Wallis, by Northrop Frye and others, there is still much unravelling to be done before the golden ball is wound.

KATHLEEN RAINE

POLITICAL SOLDIER

Germany and the Fight for Freedom. By LUCIUS D. CLAY. *Harvard University Press. Cumberlege.* 12s. 6d.

Try as one may, it is hard not to be fascinated by General Lucius Dubignon Clay. He is the twentieth-century soldier-politician *par excellence*, perfectly turned out and a pleasure to watch in operation, if only for his sheer professional skill. It would be strange, indeed absurd, if at the age of 54 the former United States Military Governor had settled down to spend the rest of his days as chairman of the Continental Can Company. It seems more likely that he will emerge from retirement suddenly and with a bang, and in one leap soar very high indeed.

For General Clay is the complete answer to the ever-conflicting requirements of American global policy in this decade, and if President Truman does not see this I have no doubt the next President will. Intelligent, educated, immensely well informed, as smooth and swift in thought as in action, superior, authoritative and remote, but not supercilious, bullying and aloof, he is MacArthur without his self-deceptive bombast and rhetorical flim-flam but with a Southern sense of humour, Eisenhower without the sunny Swiss grin but with a French edge on, and anything between the two except a humbug. Trusting without being naive, sharp without being cynical, sometimes slick but never glib, he is a man who knows what he is talking about, says it with superlative conciseness, and makes you feel that because he believes loyally every word he says you would be dishonest not to believe it as well. It is hard to argue round him, and almost impossible to argue him out of the way.

He represents a new type of "Global American" whom Europe is only beginning to know, boldly dialectical in his interpretation of America's role in the post-Hitler world, and happily without the traditional fear of being tricked into something by British slyness. He has Europe at his finger-tips. I should count him among the three or four Americans who really

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know and understand every wrinkle and crinkle in the intricacies of the European pattern, and are genuinely anxious that their countrymen should grasp the meaning of this old, poor, and confused little continent with which, and for which, America must live, because without it, it would die of loneliness in a hostile world. General Clay is also sincere. "We did not witness this break-up with exhilaration," he writes on the collapse of the four-power regime in Germany, "but rather with sadness over the failure of a 'noble experiment'." I am sure that here as elsewhere he genuinely means what he says.

Since the publication, two years ago, of his long and arid account of his military governorship which is still, with all its deficiencies, far and away the best existing reference work on post-war Germany, General Clay obviously has not only done a lot of thinking, but he has also learned to write. The present book which embodies his three Godkin Lectures at Harvard, amplified and brought up to date (and with its 83 small pages outrageously expensive at the price), contains no new facts and no revelations. But it presents the development of the official American argument about Germany's place in an "integrated Europe", from Byrnes via Marshall to Acheson, in so masterly concise and coherent a fashion as to give an overwhelming impression of organic inevitability and inherent, unassailable logic. The new and fashionable catch-penny phrase of the "calculated risk," which every self-respecting politician and general is nowadays bandying about in order to camouflage a risky calculation, is here employed with an assurance and authority which simply permits no doubt that there is, in fact, such a thing. It is an astonishing, even an infectious performance.

General Clay does not believe in the possibility of ending the cold war by agreement. He considers it "wishful thinking until we have developed within the free countries the strength which will ensure that such an agreement will be carried out," but he has no use for the Churchill-De Gaulle argument in favour of the immediate rearmament of Western Germany:

> That is a decision which must be made by its neighbours, and even our support of this proposal could well destroy the progress toward an integrated Western Europe. I do advocate the constant examination of this question by the statesmen of the free countries realistically and without prejudice. To me it would seem more idealistic and realistic first to bring West Germany within the framework of Western Europe.

And so say all of us, including General Eisenhower. It is time we stopped abusing the soldier-politicians. They are beginning to talk good sense, and they are talking it well.

PETER DE MENDELSSOHN

ALL THINGS IN COMMON

Confession of Faith. By PETER RIDEMAN *Hodder & Stoughton.* 10s. 6d.

Spinoza and Comenius, Winstanley and John Lilburne, Bunyan and George Fox. What on earth had these six in common? They all owed something of their thinking to the Anabaptists, who were, among the sects of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, the most original and seminal. We hear of them first at Zürich in 1526. Savagely persecuted alike by Catholics, Lutherans and Calvinists, they were exterminated in Central Europe and survived only in the Netherlands and in Old and New England. Historians have had to piece their early doctrines together from the records of their opponents. Books, to be sure, are extant by contemporary Dutch and German mystics who were near to them, notably Münzer the martyred peasants' leader and Karlstadt the scholar who exchanged his doctor's gown for a peasant's smock and earned his bread behind the plough. Of the Leveller leaders, both Lilburne and Overton were Anabaptists and so in his youth, if we may trust Clarendon, was the agnostic Wildman. Walwyn never joined a sect, but he defended the two most detested branches of their movement, the militants of Münster and the Family of Love. Winstanley joined them, but in later life stood alone. The Quakers drew most of their ideas from the Anabaptists.

Unknown to the historians there lay in the British Museum a German book, written in prison between 1529 and 1540, in which one of the earliest of their leaders, Peter Rideman, a Silesian, described their doctrines and discipline. Here at last is a version of it in Biblical English, so skilfully translated by Kathleen Hasenberg, that it reads like an authentic product of its century. It is the confession of the branch of their movement, the Hutterian Brethren, who stuck most closely to their original tenets. The fighting Saints of Münster threw over their pacifism; the Dutch Mennonites dropped their Communism; the English Baptists abandoned both, but the Hutterians retain both to this day. After the orgy of repression that followed the German Peasants' War they found a refuge in Moravia, where they throve for eighty years and numbered 70,000 persons. Thence they had to flee to Hungary, next to Russia and finally to America where, scattered between Canada and Paraguay, they still have eighty communities. There is a Society of Brothers also at Bridgnorth in Shropshire. Their golden age was in Moravia, where they had all things in common and lived in big settlements, which may have resembled the *zadrugas* of their Slav neighbours. Good farmers and good craftsmen, their wares were famous all over Central Europe. Members who worked outside their Communities brought all their earnings into the common pool. Rideman forbids usury and preaches the forgiveness of debts. The Brethren allowed no one "to buy and sell again," since taking profit is "to make the poor man the bondman of the rich." They would neither wear nor make luxurious clothes. Even their enemies bore witness to the purity and kindliness of their lives.

Their strong objection to the "tomfoolery" of infant baptism has been interpreted as an expression of Protestant individualism and rationalism. They shared the anti-clericalism so common among craftsmen and peasants in their day. With the territorial churches in which a man's faith was necessarily that of his prince—*cujus regio ejus religio*—they would have nothing to do. But in this book the stress on every page is on community. The baptism of an adult believer meant his reception into the equal fellowship of "the Lord's people of peace." It was the climax of the elaborate schooling, including technical education, which Rideman describes. As soon as they were weaned the Community, first through nursing sisters and then through schoolmasters, took entire charge of the children, who learned "from babyhood to seek not what is temporal but what is eternal." These communities, under leaders or teachers elected or chosen by lot, were held together by a fraternal discipline. Members discussed each others' conduct frankly; grave offenders were first warned and then, if they persisted, expelled. For slight offences the penalty was that for a time the sinner might neither give nor receive their greeting "Peace." To give this greeting lightly was a sin. The choice of a husband or wife was controlled by the elders (as among the Quakers by the meeting). The Brethren were conditioned from infancy to life in a closely-knit community and that is why it endured for four centuries.

Historians see in the Anabaptists the pioneers of toleration. That is to say too little. They condemned the use of force in any circumstances whether for punishment, indoctrination or defence. Rideman pours scorn alike on the Lutheran and Catholic clergy (who run "where there are sheep to be shorn") because "they drive and press men to hear their teaching by means of the stocks, the dungeon and keep, torture, banishment and death. Were they children of the Spirit they would . . . know that such action, engendereth not sonship but slavery." Sensitive as he was to history, Rideman bids the Brethren avoid churches, because many of them originated "when this country was forced by the sword to

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ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

THE annual general meeting of The "Shell" Transport and Trading Company, Limited, was held yesterday in London.

Sir Frederick Godber, chairman and joint managing director, in the course of his speech, said: This year I have not much to add to my Statement circulated with the report, but I am sure you will agree with me that it would be inappropriate if I did not pay a tribute to my colleague Sir George Legh-Jones, who, as mentioned in my Statement, has expressed the wish to relinquish his position as an active Managing Director of the Group at the end of this month. However, as I have already informed you, he will continue as a Managing Director of your company and remain on the Board of the main subsidiary companies.

It will be my pleasure presently to propose the re-election of Sir Robert Waley Cohen as a director of your company, but I would like here to refer to the great services which he has rendered to the Company and to the Group over the 50 years in which he has been associated with these companies. For the greater part of those years I have been connected with Sir Robert in one capacity or another, and a more pleasant association I could not have desired. Sir Robert's experience has been of immense value to your interests, and with the years his energies have not flagged.

A new feature of the Report this year has been the incorporation of Group accounts comprising what is, in effect, a balance-sheet and profit and loss account for the Group. We have endeavoured to present these concisely and in a form which will be informative and of interest even to those of you who do not pretend to technical accounting knowledge.

These Group accounts should be regarded as a complete consolidation of the Group figures. I emphasise "of the Group" because the consolidation does not include the Royal Dutch or your company. These are the owners of the Group, each having its own independent resources which cannot properly be included as Group resources.

The report and accounts were unanimously adopted.

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make a verbal confession of the Christian faith." A Christian, he declares, "neither wages war nor wields the worldly sword to practise vengeance." It follows that "no Christian is a ruler and no ruler is a Christian." He expounds this Christian anarchism in a style that would have won Tolstoy's assent. Government is "the rod of the evil and profligate nation"; what it does is "no concern of ours." The Brethren may hold no civic office, nor may they go to law. But they must obey, unless their "heathen" rulers order them to break God's commandments. They must pay taxes, unless these are levied for war and bloodshed. The "separation" of the Brethren from "the world" was so absolute, that one asks whether the influence of Gnostic Dualism can have reached them perhaps through the Cathari (Albigenses), who had spread to South Germany. This might account for Rideman's belief that God is the father not of the world, but only of his disciples. The Inquisition detected the influence upon them of the Waldenses.

Rideman proclaims the Doctrine of the Inner Light and, like the Quakers and Tolstoy, forbids the taking of Oaths. He hints at a pantheistic rationalism which recalls Winstanley, and warns his readers against an anthropomorphic conception of God. He rejects any sacramental interpretation of the Lord's supper; to honour as God what is only bread is idolatry. This book is indispensable to the student of this period, because it reflects in its primitive simplicity an ideology that permeated the democratic thought first of the Netherlands and then of England.

H. N. BRAILSFORD

THE THOUGHT POLICE

The Federal Bureau of Investigation. By MAX LOWENTHAL. *Turnstile Press.* 25*s.*

"All this howl about the organisations a fellow belongs to," said President Truman last year, "gives me a pain in the neck." He was writing to the commander-in-chief of the Veterans of Foreign Wars, unaware that he would thus, with some hundreds of less eminent publicists, be helping Mr. Lowenthal (who is said to be a personal friend of his) to compile this shattering book.

For it is a compilation, a carefully-documented anthology, of scathing indictments pronounced by men who know how to scathe. Mr. Lowenthal, an American lawyer with twenty years' experience in public office and a man whose industry it is humbling to contemplate, has collected and crammed into one long book a multitude of crackling utterances by people to whom the F.B.I. is a pain in the neck. It is all done with self-evident care, and with rows of dots and an occasional *sic* to sustain the authenticity. It is clear enough that the anthologist regards Mr. J. Edgar Hoover and his entire organisation with deep disgust; but he offers no comments himself, believing, perhaps, that a ring-side seat proclaims its own objectivity and absolves its occupant from concern about the Marquis of Queensberry's rules. So whereas he invites everyone to throw things at the F.B.I., it is only the F.B.I. and a few of its partisans that he allows to throw anything back. Others are not eligible for his purpose. The resulting portrait is that of a cold political tyranny, equating radicalism with "subversiveness" and operated with all the inhumanity of the Gestapo except, perhaps, the torture (though there are hints of this, too).

To many of the charges the F.B.I. appears to have no answer; they are part of the history of the United States, so that the simple answer to them is "Why drag that up?" They begin in 1908 with an Attorney-General's *ultra vires* decision to establish the Bureau during the vacation of a Congress which had forbidden it, and ending with the current demonology (largely the Bureau's own creation) listing "un-Americanism" as the eighth deadly sin. Those 43 years saw the fantastic 1917 mass-arrests of "draft-dodgers," resulting in days or even weeks of detention under makeshift and often insanitary conditions for thousands of innocent men; the still-unsolved 1919 bomb plots; the raiding at night, without warrant, of the private houses of "radicals" throughout the United States, their arrest and the destruction of their books and papers; the Sacco-Vanzetti case, the Judith Coplon case, and a multitude of instances wherein unconvicted persons were held *incommunicado*, denied access to lawyers until they had "confessed," cheated of fair trial by artful publicity, and victimised for their beliefs.

Mr. Lowenthal allows it to appear that the Bureau thrives on the ghastly technique of neighbourly denunciation, so that you can start an F.B.I. file about anyone you dislike simply by writing in and accusing him of something. Its 72 million sets of finger-prints have been obtained by methods that would send the House of Commons up in flames—there are trades in which no man can get a job until he has supplied his finger-prints, and he will not get it then if they show the F.B.I. that he has a "police record"—which may mean that he was once wrongfully arrested.

One would like to hear the other side, from someone other than Mr. J. Edgar Hoover, who discerns from his position at the head of the Bureau that criminals are "scum from the boiling pot of the underworld, public rats, vermin in human form," and that anyone who thinks otherwise is a parlour pink, a swivel-chair criminologist, a fiddle-faced reformer, a misinformed know-it-all, or a porous-brained sentimentalist. These excerpts from Mr. Hoover's vocabulary, by the way, come from a chapter headed Public Relations. It also examines his literary work in the American magazines under titles like *Crime's Leading Lady, Gunmen's Love*, and *Gun-Crazy*.

You can imagine what could be done with an English police force by Mr. Lowenthal's method; an anthology, for example, of Hansard extracts on the Metropolitan Police, putting in Thurloe Square, Sergeant Goddard, Irene Savidge, a brief account of every constable to have been charged with larceny, house-breaking, corruption, or assault, and a symposium of all the unlawful arrests—but leaving out anything likely to reflect the smallest credit on the Force. Even then, I think the result would be mild in comparison.

On page 465 the book stops abruptly, like a street orator tipped off his rostrum. The ensuing silence is rather frightening. C. H. ROLPH

PEPTIC ULCERS

How I Cured My Duodenal Ulcer. By JOHN PARR. *Michael Joseph.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

"DEAR SIRS—I feel I must write to tell you how you have ended my twenty-five years of suffering with pains after food which you would not believe . . . ." It is all very well to jeer at the Unsolicited Testimonial, but the main feature of such testimonials is their genuineness. There is a world of suffering behind them. The patient who writes to Dr. Belch's Powder or Binder's Bran Biscuits, however, lacks Mr. Parr's education and insight, and does not take the trouble to document his illness, its treatments and the theoretical tussles in the background with such loving detail.

It is a long duodenum, however, which has no turning. Before finding Dr. Spira, who ended the pilgrimage with a low fat diet, Mr. Parr had received, in every sense, what Damon Runyon would call the whole treatment. There is nothing worse for the morale of the intelligent patient who is manifestly getting no better than excursions into the theory of medicine. Mr. Parr was unlucky—ulcers can be and are cured, both medically and surgically. The fate of the man with pain and no ulcer (for a large part of the time this patient's X-rays were negative, and no ulcer was found at operation) is often worse than that of the man with a large ulcer and no pain. The frustrating journey from bootless investigation to bootless treatment, characteristic of organ-neuroses, is real enough, and by the time an ulcer did appear it seems to have been largely (as we say with decent obscurity) "iatrogenic." Mr. Parr's pilgrimage, and similar pilgrimages, whether they end at length in a low fat diet or at Lourdes, are one of the penalties we pay for the slap-happy diagnosis of dyspepsia. Mr. Parr has "had" doctors, and handles them without malice, though with a rather old-fashioned look in his eye. Medical readers will agree. This is a well-documented study in how to produce an ulcer, not by bad therapeutics, but by bad dynamic psychology.

The book is not an epitaph on the profession, but a bouquet for Dr. Spira. It is a bouquet, however, though Mr. Parr means it well, which any doctor would run several miles to avoid, in view of the odium which public testimonials, however unsolicited, may involve. Dr. Spira is a registered medical man—his theory of peptic ulcers was respectably published by him in 1931, and I doubt very much if books describing his "pianist's hands" will be much to his taste. If, as Mr. Parr divulges, he is preparing a statistical study of his results, Mr. Parr's advance publicity may prove singularly embarrassing. The merits of the fat-and-bile theory must await fuller discussion elsewhere (animal and human experiments could very easily prove or disprove it): Mr. Parr can rest assured that whatever is in the textbooks, any properly documented theory of peptic ulceration, published by a reputable worker in a reputable journal, and supported by clinical and experimental evidence, will always command wide and critical attention.

Meanwhile we will all be glad that Mr. Parr's pain has gone. Medical students might well read his book. Much can go on behind the patient's powder-swallowing facade of fortitude of which they ought to be aware. They should also be alive to the risks inherent in gratitude.

ALEX COMFORT

THE NINE DAYS

The General Strike of 1926. By John Murray. *Lawrence & Wishart.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

The nine days of the General Strike are a turning-point in the history of organised labour in this country. In the subsequent twenty-five years, the trade unions have more than doubled their membership; their coffers bulge with accumulated reserves; and their officials are often more like agents of the Treasury planners than working-class leaders who bargain with strike notices up their sleeves. In a perlod when Order 1305 is part of the scheme of things, the penury and the strife of the post-1918 years are remembered mainly as election rhetoric.

The events that led to the General Strike, and the course of the Strike itself, are important, for the trade union movement as we now know it grew out of that defeat, in the same way that the present Labour Party was built out of the ruins of 1931. But the lessons that are to be hewn out depend upon the axe of the critic.

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SIX VACUUM PACKED TOBACCOS BY DOBIE OF PAISLEY

Nothing is easier—nor, in many ways more true—than to marshal the facts into a biting indictment of the leadership for its careerism, cowardice and even treachery. And this is Mr. Murray's purpose. But Thomas, MacDonald and Bevin, he goes on to argue, were not weak and ambitious men who were leaders by accident: they were typical Social-Democratic figures. Thus, in the crisis of 1926, they sold out to reaction, as MacDonald and Thomas did again in 1931. It follows, Mr. Murray insists, that Attlee and Morrison are doing the same to-day, and that the American alliance is just as much a betrayal of the British working-class as the capitulation of 1926. Once more the workers have been led "into the garden of Gehenna . . . by men who have masqueraded with fiendish perversity and necromancy as Socialists." In this political pamphlet, every analogy is underlined and italicised.

Mr. Murray's style, indeed, has the flavour of the period he discusses; and that period offers much assistance to the flagellant of Right-wing Social-Democracy. He can quote Ramsay MacDonald's comment that the temporary victory of the unions on "Red Friday"—when Baldwin and Churchill's strike-breaking plans were not yet complete—played into the hands of the "very forces that sane, well-considered, thoroughly well-examined Socialism feels to be its worst enemies." He can repeat the plea that J. H. Thomas made to Baldwin for terms, "never mind what they are and however bad they are." And he can describe the failure of the T.U.C. adequately to prepare for the struggle, its pathetic attempts to avert it, its anxiety to have done, even by betraying the miners, and its paralysing fear of the Left. Baldwin, of course, never gave the T.U.C. a chance. Afterwards, with characteristic candour, he admitted:

> I provoked a General Strike in 1926 as a means of demoralising the trade union leaders and breaking up the unity of the unions which had become so manifest in 1925.

Certainly, no Marxist need lack documentation from this period for an analysis of the capitalist State or of the behaviour of certain kinds of Social-Democrat. If the reader wants this in its simplest form, Mr. Murray is the man for him, and Mr. Murray's book will give him an instructive and indignant evening.

But the book left me dissatisfied. It has some merit, the more so since the Labour movement so sadly lacks retrospective analysis. But it is essentially a pamphlet, in which the answers are provided before the questions are posed. Some of the more important questions, in fact, are posed skimpily or not at all. There is, for instance, virtually no discussion of the General Strike's value as an instrument of proletarian struggle, nor is this specific General Strike adequately linked to the syndicalist agitation of the pre-war years from which it derived much of its ideological impetus. There is only a sketchy picture of the conflict of personalities and policies within the trade unions and the Labour Party at this time. The account of the Strike is more report than analysis, and the reporting is so patchy that the drama of the nine days has to be underlined by the author, rather than allowed to make its own moving impression. And Mr. Murray becomes hopelessly lost when he tries to face the question: Could the Strike have succeeded, or was its logical outcome either collapse or revolution? He insists that the antithesis is unreal. Then he quotes A. J. Cook to support his thesis that the Strike could have been won if the T.U.C. had held on, but no other evidence is adduced on this point. Finally, he has a short peroration on the nature of the capitalist State. The argument is self-contradictory. A direct challenge to the State, on Mr. Murray's own assumptions, was bound to lead either to defeat or to the civil war for which Baldwin and Churchill were prepared in the last resort: the last thing it would have led to is "a parliamentary victory for Labour."

NORMAN MACKENZIE

Palace of Industry, 1851. C. R. FAY *Cambridge University Press.* 15s.

This short and beautifully produced study of the Great Exhibition of 1851 is quite different in its intention from that of most of the recent books on the subject, which have, quite naturally, preferred the lighter history of the event rather than the serious economic significance of it. Dr. Fay, who is known for his classic *Life and Labour in the Nineteenth Century*, only mentions twice the fantastic opponent to the scheme, Colonel Sibthorp, but he does not forget the human interest entirely. In his excellent chapter on the Benefits of Success, in which he examines the various ways in which British business men seized the opportunities revealed by the Exhibition, he tells us that William Whiteley visited the Crystal Palace as a Yorkshire draper's apprentice. It was the sight of the Palace and its marvels which gave him the conception of an emporium and of himself as the 'universal provider.' In the final chapter of the book Dr. Fay writes of the benefits which we enjoy to-day which resulted from the Exhibition—benefits which we hardly connect with it now. The South Kensington Museums, the Royal College of Music, the Royal College of Art and the School of Mines were all its indirect result. Dr. Fay does not mention those two other mixed blessings which would no doubt not have been erected but for public gratitude to Prince Albert.

Week-end Competitions

No. 1,115

Set by Richard Lister

The Greeks managed to write poetry about athletes without the moral overtones that the Public School ethos introduced. Perhaps the time has come when this can be done again. In that hope the usual prizes are offered for a poem of not more than twelve lines addressed to the winner of either the Open Golf Championship; the Wimbledon Singles; or the Diamond Sculls. Entries by July 17th.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 1,112

Set by R. K. Buchanan

To meet the rising cost of living, paying guests are being taken in at Mansfield Park, Nightmare Abbey, Poynton, Wuthering Heights, Dingley Dell, The Palace at Barchester, The House of Usher, Miss Matty's at Cranford and The Laurels, Holloway. Competitors are invited, for the usual prizes, to contribute the advertisement which the owner of any one of these homes is inserting in the newspapers. Limit, 150 words.

Report by R. K. Buchanan

Owners were expected to write in character, even though some of them might choose to adopt the idiom of modern advertising. Heathcliff could really not be allowed to gloat on the melodrama of Wuthering Heights, nor Roderick Usher to guy the baleful horrors of his House. I gave good marks to those who made Mrs. Proudie conceal her mercenary motive behind a facade of public spirit or episcopal duty (here J. P. Stevenson effectively quoted Titus 1.7); and Elaine Morgan put Miss Matty's predicament very delicately—"should guest feel that she would be happier contributing towards expenses, present owner (rector's daughter) would understand and be obliged to respect her sensibilities." Other nice touches noted: Jean Nathan's Nightmare Abbey—"Preference given to misogamist with personal experience of ills of this world and strong conviction, shared by advertiser, that all is vanity"; Edward Tucker's Mrs. Proudie—"no references from Italians or Plumstead Episcopi acceptable"; and Joyce Taylor's "No Tractarians and no pets." Honourable mention to all these, to G. J. Blundell for so manfully striving to make a Jamesian advertisement for Poynton, and to Jeane Fountain. Two guineas to R. J. P. Hewison for his wholly successful entry; a guinea each to Royston Millmore, E. Bedwell and J. R. Till; half a guinea to E. W. Fordham, on the strength of his first parenthesis, and to Leslie Johnson, for his brilliant last sentence.

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R. J. P. HEWISON

WUTHERING HEIGHTS

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E. W. FORDHAM

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LESLIE JOHNSON

CHESS: Exalting the Humble

No. 92.

It has been said that a chess player can play only just as well as his opponent will let him, a truism frequently used as evidence for the claim that Philidor, Anderssen, and Morphy played more "brilliantly" than modern masters who more often have their peers to contend with. This claim, of course, is as questionable as most generalisations; moreover, the subtleties of a great positional struggle may be much more "thrilling" than some spectacular brevity. As for these, their incidence among us humble folk is undoubtedly larger than among the masters, partly because there are so many more of us, partly because we are more likely to meet (or to make) the sort of blunder facilitating a "brilliancy," and partly because, playing much more carefree Chess, some of us will cheerfully take the appalling risks that, once in a while, may yield a glorious dividend. Acting on this plausible assumption, E. J. Diemer (of the *Schachspiegel*) has been ferreting out some of the gems constantly being produced by humble "skittle" addicts. Here is one of them, won by a man fittingly called Bartsch (in German, a particularly ferocious type of pike). The game must have delighted Diemer because it happens to spring from one of his own innovations in the highly controversial Blackmar Gambit.

(1) P-Q4	P-Q4	(6) B-K3	Q-QKt5
(2) P-K4	P x P	(7) O-O-O	B-Kt5
(3) Kt-QB3	Kt-KB3	(8) Kt-Kt5 !	P-K4
(4) P-KB3	P x P	(9) Kt x BP ch	K-K2
(5) Q x P	Q x P	(10) Q x KtP !!	resigns

Pages of analysis could be (and have been) written about this opening. But I would rather devote the space to the gems that, I trust, will come from our own readers. I offer the usual chessbook-token for each one printed, and I do not mind whether they are "brilliancies" of the more spectacular or the more subtle type. The only limitation for this special competition is that it must (regretfully) exclude the masters who, from time to time, honour and enrich this column by a contribution.

A: *La Strategie*, 1916

B: Selesniev, 1920

C: Ratner

In this week's competition all three pieces are wins for White. A and B are quite subtle and by no means easy. Yet, 6 points each should be fair enough rating. As for C, I am afraid this will provide many a headache and may well be under-rated with a mere 8 ladder-points. Usual prizes. Entries by July 16.

REPORT ON COMPETITION

Set June 16

A: *Key*: P-R4. White must gain KB4 for his K, then, what with P-QKt3 in reserve, he can get Black into zugzwang. What happened was (1) P-R4, K-Kt1. (2) QxQ, KxQ (3) K-K2, K-Q2. (4) K-Kt3, K-K2. (5) K-B4, K-B3. (6) P-Kt4, P-R3. (7) PxP, PxP. (8) P-R5, etc.

B: Black could win by (1) . . . K-Q5. (2) K-Kt2, K-K6. (3) K-B1, P-Q7 ch (4) BxP, K-Q6, and the pawns move on to Black squares. The rest is easy.

C: (1) Kt-KB7 ch, K-K5. (2) B-Q5 ch, K-B4. (3) Kt-R6 ch, K-K4. (4) Kt-Kt4 ch K-B4. (5) K-K3 ch, K-K4. (6) Kt-B4 ch, K-B4. (7) B-K6 ch, K-K5. (8) B-B8, followed by B-Kt7 etc.

A proved quite a stumbling-block. P-Kt4, though preferentially analysed, seems to be less convincing if Black refrains from taking. R. W. B. Clarke was the only one to try P-R4, but his analysis wasn't as clear-cut as the easily demonstrable win with the Queens off the board. He gets the (well deserved) consolation prize while the first prize will be added to the chess-book-tokens available for the next two weeks.
ASSIAC

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WOMAN Musician requires unfurn. room for September, convenient West End. Walker, 14 Meads St., Eastbourne.

RADIO Actress and writer husband urgently need unfurn. flat London, or country accom. easy reach London. Diana Maddox, c/o B.B.C., Broadcasting House, W.1.

WANTED by single man (37), furn. bed-sit. room with use of kitchen, bath, etc., at moderate rent. Near Central London or West End. Advertiser would help in garden & house maintenance. Box 4172.

EXETER District: woman graduate requires quiet flat, part house, or other permanent accom. of any kind. Box 4141.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

G. D. H. COLE'S important lecture "The British Labour Movement—Retrospect and Prospect." Reprint of the first Ralph Fox Memorial lecture; Fabian Special, No. 8. Copies 9d. plus postage. Orders of six or more post free; from Mrs. F. Edwards, 20 West View Drive, Hullfax, Yorks.

MOUNTAIN Accidents, by Lord Chorley. "Country and Travel" Summer Number. Other contributors: W. G. Hoskins, R. L. G. Irving, C. F. M. Joad. Beautiful illustration. 2s., from any newsagent or 2s. 3d. (9s. for 4 issues), from 48 Park Rd., N.W.1.

BLACKFRIARS. July/August Double Number includes a long article, "The Christian Vet on History," by Christopher Dawson, and special articles on America, 2s. per copy. Blackfriars Publications, 34 Bloomsbury St., London, W.C.1.

PERSIA—the full story of the struggle of the Iranian people which has led to the nationalisation of the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company. By I. Eskandary, leading Iranian personality. In issue No. 9 of "World Trade Union Movement," illustrated fortnightly review of the W.F.T.U. Also contains important article on Burma, and Memorandum on Economic Assistance to Asia and the Far East. Price 1s. from W.F.T.U. Publications, Ltd., 41 Kentish Town Rd., N.W.1.

"TO See and To Hear," by C. Leslie Thomson, B.Sc., 5s. 4d., from the Kingston Clinic, Edinburgh, 9

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS—continued

THE Cambridge Journal—a monthly review of Literature, Economics, History, Philosophy, Politics, etc., edited by Michael Oakeshott, Denis Brogan, C. W. Guillebaud, Michael Postan, Basil Willey and T. F. D. Williams. July issue now ready. Of all booksellers, 3s. net (30s. p.a.).

THE American Threat to British Culture. "Arena" No. 8 sets out the situation, its pattern and detail, for the first time. Arena (1s. 6d.), Fore Publications, 28/29 Southampton St., W.C.2.

PRE-WAR Novels wanted. No pocket editions. Please quote to J. Clarke Hall, Ltd., Wine Office Court, E.C.4.

MAGAZINES. Foyles arrange postal subscriptions for all British magazines and periodicals and almost all American and Continental publications. W. & G. Foyle, Ltd. (Subscription Dept.), 119-125 Charing Cross Road, London, W.C.2.

SEND a shilling for three issues of "Basis," a new weekly journal of comment on economic affairs. "Basis" brings a fresh approach to financial, industrial and political problems of the day. Read three issues—then decide on a quarterly subscription. "Basis," 11, Suffolk Street, S.W.1.

BOOKS. Selected Fiction, Detection and General Literature. Good titles only. Send card for free lists. J. Scudamore, 44 Marryat Road, Wimbledon Common, London, S.W.19.

CATALOGUE of Antiquarian and Modern books. Free on application. Eric Blundell, Bookseller, 49 Marchmont St., Russell Square, W.C.1. TER. 1568.

UNITARIANS. What do they believe? Information and literature on receipt of stamp, from Mrs. Dickin, Hill Top, Park Rd., Bridport, Dorset.

TYPING AND TRANSLATIONS

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TYPING—continued

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READERS' MARKET

FOR Sale: "N.S. & N." and "Economist," last two years, almost complete; Persian rug 5ft 6in × 4ft 2in., £16 10s.; Persian runner 9ft 6in × 3ft 4in., £18 10s.; another (long) 16ft 7in × 3ft 4in., £21, all very attractive & sound condition; 50 H.M.V. records, mostly "Ring," "Parnlal," good condition, albums, gramophone, £10; Underwood Portable, excellent condition, seen London; Typewriter, standard 4-bank; Portable Baby Empire Typewriter,—excellent working condition, best offer over £10.

WANTED: Children's Encyclopædia; Encyclopædia Britannica; London M.A. Gown and Hood; typewriter, urgent, must be good model.

Send no money or goods in reply to the advertisements, but write first to N.S. & N. Readers' Market, 10, Great Turnstile, mentioning advt. and details (separate letter for each item). Charges under this heading, 2s. first word, 10d. a word after, including forwarding replies.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

B.B.C. invites applications for post of Head of Scottish Music at Glasgow. Duties involve close study and application to broadcasting of Scottish music resources; responsibility for implementation of B.B.C.'s music policy in Scotland and for contributions to other broadcast services; administration, planning of programmes, auditions, etc. Duties do not include conducting. Qualifications required: wide knowledge of music in general and of Scottish music, traditional and contemporary in particular; varied experience and high musical qualifications. Salary £1,155 with 5 annual increments to maximum £1,485. Applications to Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, marked "H.S.M. Glasgow N. Stm.," within a week. For acknowledgement please enclose stamped addressed envelope.

UNIVERSITY of Cape Town, South Africa. Applications are invited for the post of Director of Extra-Mural Studies. The salary scale is £800—£40—£1,000 per annum plus a temporary cost of living allowance on the Public Service scale (at present £256 per annum for a married man and £96 per annum for a single person). Candidates should be University graduates and have had experience of adult education and preferably also of University level. The Director will be required to organise and administer extra-mural work (extension lectures, etc.) under the general direction of the University Board of Extra-Mural Studies. The post is a full-time one and the appointment in the first instance will be for a probationary period of two years. The Director will be required to assume duty at the beginning of February, 1952. Applications should state age, qualifications and experience. Applicants should give the names of two referees whom the University may consult. Two copies of the application should reach the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 5 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1 (from whom a memorandum giving the conditions of appointment should be obtained) not later than August 11, 1951. An additional copy should be sent direct by air mail to the Registrar, University of Cape Town, Private Bag, Rondebosch, Cape Town, South Africa, by the same date. The University reserves the right to appoint a person other than one of the applicants or to make no appointment.

THE Civil Service Commissioners invite applications for permanent appointments as Scientific Officer and Scientific Assistant Officer to be filled by competitive interview during 1951. Interviews began in January and will continue throughout the year, but a closing date for the receipt of applications earlier than December, 1951, may eventually be announced. Successful candidates may be appointed immediately. The posts are in various Government Departments and cover a wide range of Scientific research and development in most of the major fields of fundamental and applied science. Candidates must have obtained a university degree with first- or second-class honours in a scientific subject (including engineering) or in Mathematics, or an equivalent qualification, or possess high professional attainments. Candidates for Senior Scientific Officer posts must in addition have had at least three years' post-graduate or other approved experience. Candidates for Scientific Officer posts taking their degrees in 1951 may be admitted to competition before the result of their degree examination is known. Age limits: for Senior Scientific Officers, at least 26 and under 31 on August 1, 1951; for Scientific Officers, at least 21 and under 28 (or under 31 for established civil servants of the Experimental Officer class) on August 1, 1951. Salary scales for men in London, Senior Scientific Officers, £700 x £25—£900; Scientific Officers, £400 x £25—£650. Rates for women are somewhat lower. Further particulars from the Civil Service Commission, Scientific Branch, Trinidad House, Old Burlington St., London, W.1, quoting No. 3399.

DERBYSHIRE County Council—Children's Committee. Applications are invited for the post of Children's Welfare Officer (female). Salary £480-£525 (A.P.T. IV). Candidates must have had experience in work among children and young persons and particularly in the operation of the Adoption of Children Act, 1950. Possession of a degree or diploma in Social Science will be an added qualification. The successful candidate will be expected to take up her appointment on August 1, 1951. Forms of application and further particulars may be obtained from the Children's Officer, County Offices, St. Mary's Gate, Derby. Canvassing in any form will be a disqualification. D. G. Gilman, Clerk of the County Council.

THE Council of Industrial Design will shortly require a Press Officer (man). Permanent; pension scheme. Starting salary £750-£870 according to qualifications and experience; opportunity for annual increments up to present maximum salary of £950. Essential qualifications: broad general education, preferably university degree; enthusiasm for the aims of the Council; ability to write well; recent experience either as Press Officer, or as editor or staff writer with a periodical of high standard. Write to Recruitment Officer, Tilbury House, Petty France, S.W.1, giving age, education, qualifications and posts held with dates, and enclosing examples of written work (e.g., published articles, Press hand-outs), and addressed envelope for acknowledgment. Those who have been interviewed for posts with the Council since January, 1950, should not re-apply

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

UNIVERSITY of Melbourne, Australia. Applications are invited for the position of Lecturer in Econometrics. Salary range £A752-£A1,102 (including cost of living allowance of £A102 at present), subject to Superannuation contributions. A suitably qualified and experienced applicant could be appointed to the grade of Senior Lecturer, the salary range for which is £A1,102-£A1,352, including cost of living allowance. Further particulars and conditions as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 5, Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. The closing date for the receipt of applications is July 31, 1951.

UNIVERSITY College of Swansea. Applications are invited for a Temporary Assistant Lectureship in Philosophy (initial salary £450 per annum, rising to £500 after one year). Further particulars may be obtained from the Registrar, University College, Singleton Park, Swansea, by whom applications must be received without delay.

ASSISTANT Keepers, Scottish Record Office. The Civil Service Commissioners announce two vacancies for Assistant Keepers, one First Class and one Second Class, in the Scottish Record Office. Candidates for the lower post must be at least 22 and under 26 years of age on January 1, 1951, although certain extensions may be given for Forces service, established Civil Service, or exceptional qualifications; only candidates over 30 at that date will be considered for appointment to the higher post. Candidates must possess a University degree with at least second class Honours in History (preferably including Scottish History) or in Scottish Law; they must have a good knowledge of Latin and some knowledge of French. Salary scale for Assistant Keepers II (men) £390-£585 and for Assistant Keepers I (men) £761-£1,214. The salary scales for women are somewhat lower than for men. Starting pay of Assistant Keeper II according to age and qualifications. Particulars and form of application, which must be lodged not later than July 21, are available on application to the Keeper of the Records of Scotland, H.M. General Register House, Edinburgh, 2.

SOMERSET County Council. Child Guidance Service. Applications are invited for the following full-time appointments for work in a fully established Child Guidance Service: (1) Woman Educational Psychologist. Candidates must have an honours or research degree in psychology. Salary scale at present £720 x £26—£800 per annum. Form of application and further particulars can be obtained from the undersigned. (2) Psychiatric Social Worker. Candidates should hold the Mental Health Service Certificate of the London School of Economics and Political Science (University of London) or a Certificate or Diploma approved by the Association of Psychiatric Social Workers. Salary scale £370 x £10—£430 per annum, together with a special allowance of £50. Commencing salary according to qualifications and experience. Apply by letter stating age, qualifications and experience, together with names and addresses of two referees. Car and subsistence allowances in accordance with the County Council's scale are payable for each of these posts. Completed applications must reach the undersigned by July 21, 1951. W. J. Deacon, Chief Education Officer, County Education Office, Trull Rd., Taunton.

ROYAL College of Art. School of Fashion Design. Applications are invited for the post of Assistant in this School under its Professor, Mrs. Madge Garland, from persons with a good educational background, preferably between 25 and 35 years of age, with a knowledge and experience of the Fashion world. Salary scale £500 x £40 to £1,200 according to experience and qualifications. Superannuation scheme. Further particulars and application forms may be obtained from the Registrar, Royal College of Art, Exhibition Rd., S.W.7, to whom they should be returned within 14 days of the appearance of this advertisement.

UNIVERSITY of Cape Town, South Africa. The following two posts are vacant in the department of Speech Training and Dramatic Art at the University of Cape Town:—(a) Assistant (Permanent Post): Salary scale £500 x £25—£625 per annum plus a temporary cost of living allowance (at present £256 per annum for a married man and £109 per annum for a single person). (b) Junior Assistant (Temporary Post for three years): Salary scale £400 per annum plus a temporary cost of living allowance (at present £256 per annum for a married man and £109 per annum for a single person). Applicants for these posts should be in possession of a diploma in dramatic art of a recognised University or Dramatic Art School. Ability to teach voice production and general speech work and undertake the production of plays is required for both posts. For the post of Assistant, ability to lecture on the History of Costume and to make costumes with the assistance of students, is essential. For the post of Junior Assistant, ability to teach mime, movement and improvisation is essential. Experience of broadcasting and of instruction in radio work will be a recommendation for either post. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 5 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. The closing date for the receipt of applications is August 15, 1951.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

PADDINGTON Group Hospital Management Committee. Applications are invited for the post of Warden/Housekeeper for duty at the West End Hospital for Nervous Diseases Speech Therapy Training School, 26 Holland Park, W.11. The School has accommodation for 30 students (residents) and the successful candidate will be responsible for the care and welfare of the students and housekeeping duties. Previous experience essential. Salary £500 x £25 to £550, less £130 per annum in respect of board, lodging, and other services supplied. Applications, stating age, qualifications, experience, together with the names and addresses of three referees, to reach the Secretary to the Committee, Paddington Hospital, Harrow Rd., W.9, by July 14, 1951.

BRIGHTON & Lewes Hospital Management Committee. Brighton General Hospital. Applications are invited for the post of Resident Manageress to take charge of the Nurses' Homes at the above hospital. The Homes have residential accommodation for 170 nurses. Applicants must be suitably qualified and experienced in the management of a Students' Hostel, Hotel or similar residential establishment. The person appointed will be responsible to the Committee, through the Administrative Officer, for the day to day management including the Catering arrangements of the homes. Hours of duty will be normally 48 per week and there is no provision for the payment of overtime. Salary at the present time is at the rate of £450 x £15 to £510 per annum. A charge will be made for board and lodging at the rate of £130 per annum. The salary stated will be subject to variation in accordance with recommendations which may be made by the appropriate Whitley Council. Applications stating age, qualifications and experience together with the names and addresses of three referees, to be sent within 14 days from the date of this advertisement to the Administrative Officer, Brighton General Hospital, Elm Grove, Brighton, 7.

PADDINGTON Group Hospital Management Committee. Applications are invited for the post of Resident School Secretary/Deputy Warden for duty at the West End Hospital for Nervous Diseases, Speech Therapy Training School, 26 Holland Park, W.11. The School has accommodation for 30 students (resident) and the successful candidate will be required to undertake clerical duties, correspondence regarding students and act as deputy to the Warden Housekeeper in her duties connected with the care and welfare of the students. Knowledge of Shorthand and Typewriting essential. Salary £400 x £15 to £445 per annum, less £120 per annum in respect of board, lodging and other services supplied. Applications, stating age, qualifications and experience, together with the names and addresses of three referees, to reach Sec. to the Committee, Paddington Hospital, Harrow Road, W.9, by July 14.

SOCIAL Workers (Women) are invited to apply for appointment as Welfare Officer in London County Council Public Health Department. Primary duties are in connection with prevention of venereal disease and involve attendance at V.D. Clinics, including one held at Holloway Prison. Possession of a social science qualification or of the Certificate of the Institute of Almoners would be an advantage but candidates should have some practical experience of social work. Basic salary £375 x £15—£435 plus 10 per cent additional. Further details on form of application obtainable from Medical Officer of Health (PH D.1), The County Hall, Westminster Bridge, London, S.E.1. Applications to be returned not later than July 14, 1951. (833.)

COUNTY Council of Essex. Coopersale Children's Homes near Epping. House Mother required for relief work among four adjoining Cottage Homes. Salary £299 16s. per annum less £59 19s. for residential emoluments. Good conditions of service in accordance with the scheme of the Ancillary Staffs Council. Apply immediately to the Children's Officer, County Hall, Chelmsford.

DERBYSHIRE County Council. County Welfare Committee. Manageress, "The Towers," Buxton. Applications are invited for the appointment of Manageress at "The Towers," College Rd., Buxton, which is an Old People's Home for 46 elderly people of both sexes. Applicants should have administrative ability and a genuine interest in the welfare of old people. Salary £265 x £15 x £310 per annum plus emoluments valued at £180 per annum. This scale will be subject to variation in the event of the Derbyshire County Council adopting the recent decision of the National Joint Council for an all-round increase in the salaries of Local Government Officers. Emoluments consist of furnished apartments, board, laundry, etc. Annual leave is 4 weeks. The appointment will be subject to the provisions of the Local Government Superannuation Act, 1937, and the successful candidate will be required to pass a medical examination. Applications, stating particulars of age, education, present appointment, previous experience and any special qualifications, should be submitted to the County Welfare Officer, County Offices, St. Mary's Gate, Derby. Copies of 3 recent testimonials should be forwarded with application. D. G. Gilman, Clerk of the County Council.

HOST (hostess) required International House Party Aug. 3 to 17. Married couple preferred. Organising entertainments, outings, sports, language exchange. All round exp. essential. Box 4736.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

MIDDLESEX County Council Education Committee. Maria Grey Training College, 11 The Avenue, London, N.W.6. Applications are invited for the appointment of resident Deputy Principal of the above College. High academic qualifications in English and interest in the organisation of post-graduate training essential. The appointment will date from January 1, 1952 (earlier if possible). Salary according to the Pelham Scale for Senior Lecturers (London Area) with Deputy Principal's allowance of £150 (subject to the approval of the Ministry of Education). Application forms, to be obtained from the above address on receipt of a stamped addressed foolscap envelope should be returned to the Principal, Miss M. Cant, within 14 days of this advertisement. T. B. Wheeler, Chief Education Officer.

ASSISTANT Experimental Officers (including biologists) in various Government Departments. The Civil Service Commissioners invite applications for permanent appointments. Interviews will be held shortly after the receipt of the completed application form and successful candidates may expect early appointments. The posts are in various Government Departments and divided between following main groups and subjects: (a) Mathematical and Physical Sciences, (b) Chemistry and Metallurgy, (c) Engineering Subjects, and (d) Miscellaneous (including e.g., Geology, Library and Technical Information Services). A few vacancies have now arisen for biologists interested in pest infestation control, forensic science or fisheries problems, and there may be one or two posts for biologists with other interests. Candidates must be at least 17½ years and under 26 years of age (or under 31 for established Civil Servants of the Assistant (Scientific) Class) on August 1, 1951. Time spent on a regular engagement in H.M. Forces may be deducted from actual age. Candidates must have obtained the Higher School Certificate with mathematics or a science subject as a principal subject, or an equivalent qualification; but candidates without such qualifications may be admitted exceptionally on evidence of suitable experience. Higher qualifications will be regarded as an advantage to candidates over the age of 20. The inclusive London salary scale (men) is £250-£535; (women) £250-£445. Salaries for posts in the provinces are somewhat lower. Superannuation provision is made under the Superannuation Act. Further particulars and forms of application from the Civil Service Commission, Scientific Branch, Trinidad House, Old Burlington St., London, W.1, quoting No. 3068. Completed application forms should be returned as soon as possible and must in any case be received not later than October 1, 1951.

KENT County Council Children's Department. Reception Centre. Applications invited for appointment of two House Mothers at Southdowns, Doddington, Sittingbourne, Kent, which will open at the end of August, 1951, as a Reception Centre with accommodation for 25 children for observation and assessment before permanent placing. The work will be of special interest to those interested in newer methods of promoting the well-being of children deprived of a normal home life. Wages £5 7s. a week less £1 3s. a week in respect of board, lodging, overalls and laundry. Application forms on receipt of a stamped addressed envelope from the Children's Officer, County Hall, Maidstone, Kent, to be returned by July 16, 1951. W. L. Platts, Clerk of the County Council, County Hall, Maidstone.

I.L.O. invites applications from men and women aged between 23 and 35 years on July 31, 1951, for a post of Member of Division in the Non-Metropolitan Territories Division of the International Labour Office, Geneva, Switzerland. Qualifications required: 1. University degree preferably in economics or social sciences or the equivalent in experience. 2. Familiarity with labour and social problems in Africa. 3. Good knowledge of one of the official languages of the I.L.O. (English and French), and some knowledge of the other. Preference will be given to candidates of African descent. On application with stamped, addressed foolscap envelope, further particulars and application forms may be obtained from: The International Labour Office, 38-39 Parliament St., London, S.W.1. Completed application forms must be submitted by July 31, 1951.

WANTED, Club Leader (Woman) for Junior Girls' Club and Mixed Youth Clubs. Apply in writing to the Warden, Bishop Creighton Hse., 378 Lillie Rd., S.W.6.

THE London Police Court Mission requires a Matron for a Boys' Approved Probation Home now being established. Duties will include catering, clothing of boys, supervision of domestic work, first aid and some nursing. The contribution of the Matron to the recreational and personal activities of the boys (aged 15/18) will be a vital factor in the home. Salary by arrangement and in accordance with experience and qualifications. Applications, stating age, education and experience, together with names and addresses of two referees, should be sent to The Warden, c/o 2 Hobart Place, London, S.W.1.

WOLVERHAMPTON Labour Party. Applications are invited for the post of full-time Organiser to cover the two Wolverhampton constituencies. Salary and conditions in accordance with the National Agreement. Application forms from Councillor C. W. Hill, 23a Cleveland St., Wolverhampton, to whom they must be returned not later than July 21.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

UNIVERSITY of Durham, King's College, and Royal Victoria Infirmary, Newcastle-upon-Tyne. Joint Department of Psychological Medicine. Applications are invited for the post of Trainee Psychiatric Social Worker. Candidates should hold a degree with a post-graduate Diploma in Social Science or a Social Science Certificate, and will be expected to work under the supervision of the Senior Psychiatric Social Worker. The post offers useful experience to social workers intending to take a further qualification in Psychiatric Social Work. The salary will be £350 per annum. Applications, together with the names of two referees, should be submitted not later than July 31, 1951, to the undersigned, from whom further information may be obtained. G. R. Hanson, Registrar of King's College.

ASSOCIATED Lead Manufacturers Ltd. require qualified Chemist for Technical development work in the Paint Laboratory of their Millwall Works. Age up to 30 years. B.Sc. or equivalent qualifications, together with at least two years' experience in the Paint Industry essential. The post offers excellent opportunity to keen man who can fit into existing well-knit team. Excellent staff conditions and Pension Scheme. Applicants should write giving full personal particulars, details of education, training and experience and salary required in confidence to: Personnel Manager, Associated Lead Manufacturers Ltd., 308 West Ferry Road, E.14.

COLEG Harlech. Applications invited for Assistant Tutorship (man or woman) with duties commencing in October for the teaching of Economics with English Social History. Knowledge of Welsh an advantage. Commencing salary £450 p.a., with two years' probationship. Particulars from the Secretary, Coleg Harlech, Harlech, Merioneth.

WANTED for September, Solihull High School (560 girls), Warwickshire, two graduates (men or women) to teach Physics and Chemistry in Sixth form, General Science in main school. Apply Headmistress.

CASSEL-FOX School, 20 Upper Park Rd., Salford, 7, Lancs. Wanted for September, two Primary School Teachers, one to take charge of small Scholarship class. Salary Burnham Scale plus Responsibility Bonus. Apply in writing with copy of testimonials to Headmistress.

HOUSEMOTHER (salary £175 × £15–£250) and Housefather (salary £225 × £15—£300) with full residential emoluments, superannuation scheme, req'd. by Jewish Orphanage, West Norwood. Must be exptd. in child welfare. Applic. form obtainable from Secretary, 76 Leigham Court Rd., S.W.16.

NATIONAL Association for Mental Health. Housemaster required for Home for emotionally disturbed boys and girls aged 7-12. The children stay for periods of about a year and attend local schools. Previous stage experience and activities offered.—Warden, Ponds, Seer Green, Beaconsfield, Bucks.

GATESHEAD Central Community Association is considering the appointment of a Warden (man or woman) for its twin Community Centres, B.B.C. House and B.B.C. Hall. Living accom. would be available. Details of qualifics., exp., & salary req'd. should be forwarded to the Secretary, 12 Gladstone Terrace, Gateshead-on-Tyne, 8.

WANTED—Man Club Leader for Junior Boys' Club and Mixed Youth Club in a residential Settlement in dockside area, starting September. Salary according to experience and qualifications. Applications with two testimonials and personal references to: Organising Secretary, Time & Talents, 187 Bermondsey St., London, S.E.1.

INTELLIGENT woman, preferably under 30 years of age, to assist advertising manager. Must have secretarial training, pleasant personality and ability to control young staff. Experience of newspaper space essential. Four weeks' annual paid holiday. First-class working conditions. Write, giving age, experience and present salary, to Box 4566.

STROUD & Thornbury C.L.P. Applications are invited for the post of Secretary-Agent, salary and conditions in accordance with National Agreement. Appointments made in consultation with N.E.C. Application forms from Miss J. E. Wickes, Par Hill, Cainscross Rd., Stroud, Glos., to whom they must be returned not later than July 20.

BATH C.L.P. invites applications for the post of full-time Secretary/Agent. Salary in accordance with the national agreement. Application forms obtainable from Mr. G. Easton, 2 Newark St., Bath, should be returned not later than July 21.

EXPERIENCED Secretaries and Shorthand Typists wanted for temporary or permanent posts, City or West End. Permanent posts up to £7. Temporary (for emergency staff) £6 10s., 10-5, no Sats. Dutton's Secretarial Service (Agy.), 92 Great Russell St., W.C.1. Ring Miss Tephom, MUS. 7379.

LIBRARIAN. Young lady, qualified assistant Librarian, required to take charge of technical library for Electronic Engineers in W. London district. Applicants should write details of qualifications, experience, age and salary expected to Box 4440.

GERMAN / Eng. shorthand / typ. Good salary. Please ring MANsion House 6811.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

SECRETARY S/T. Holiday relief. First-class executive experience. MOU. 1701.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED—continued

WOMEN graduates and educated girls will shortly complete their training and become available for employment as secretaries and shorthand-typists. Good knowledge of commercial and professional procedure, secretarial duties, etc. Salaries £5 per week upwards. Interested employers, please write or phone Langham Secretarial College, 50 Pitzroy St., London, W.1. EUSton 5811.

WOMAN, 32, admin., ex-service, secretl. exp., empd. nationalised industry, seeks change, possibly educational, social or industrial relations; likes writing, people. Willing train. Min. sal. £400. Box 4217.

SECRETARY available part-time work. Own typewriter. Box 4347.

INTERESTING, useful employment, accessible North London, required by woman (35). Experience mainly factory personnel, some teaching/secretarial. Box 4174.

GIRL of 15, expd., wishes to look after children in household where she could have help in musical studies. Box 4349.

ANY sort of paid work wanted by able, versatile man where free time permitted for writing. Box 4439.

MAN, 58, requires responsible employment, anything considered, whole or part-time. Particulars. Box 4338.

PROFESSIONAL gentleman, 4 days wkly. free from own practice; own car; open to suggestns. partnership/emplmnt. Box 4269.

PERSONAL

ART Editor and working artist, now with leading book-publishers, seeks post with more scope. Used to running dept., buying artwork, liaison with printers and engravers, etc. Box 4729.

FRENCHMAN, 25, recommended, law graduate offers services, tuition or similar employment, in exchange hospitality English family from beginning of July for 2 or 3 months. Write Jacques Perdriset, 14, Boulevard St. Louis, Aix-en-Provence.

2 ARTISTS with Press and workshop in Herts. wish start greeting card publishing business with others. Box 4705.

A CHRISTIAN agricultural community demonstrating practical life of peace requires loan of up to £5,000 for further development. Write Box 4266.

TUTOR, M.A. Dip. Ed. (Oxon), seeks part-time post, coming winter, South France. Advanced coaching Philosophy/Politics. All subjects. Boy or girl. Box 4314.

HALLIDAY Hall for conferences, parties, overseas visitors, 20 mins. central London. 3 common rooms, conference hall, garden. Accommodate 110 in double and single rooms, private bathrooms and telephones. 15s. bed and breakfast; 18s. dinner, bed and breakfast. Enquiries to the Warden, Halliday Hall, South Side, Clapham Common, S.W.4.

LADY, Inter. B.Sc. (Econ.), experience of statistical work, preparation of reports, etc., seeks homework. Reliable and accurate. References. Box 4379.

LADY travelling to New Zealand, Rangitane, 21 August, would act nurse, companion, or help-mate, for part payment fare. Excellent references. Box 4365.

HALL of Institute of Journalists available for mtgs. Seats up to 100. Mod. rental. Apply Gen. Sec., 2-4, Tudor St., E.C.4.

ACTIVE amateur Shakespeare group in London, beginning rehearsals Sept., for Feb. production, invites acting members. Auditioning soon. Box 4318.

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REVISIONS, special help by experience.l writer for new authors. Raymond Buston, 41 New St., Ross-on-Wye.

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SHORT Story Writing. Send 2½d. for "Stories that Sell To-day" (a special bulletin) and prospectus of world-famous course. Regent Institute (B/191), Palace Gate, W.8.

THE Central Board for Conscientious Objectors, 6 Endsleigh St., W.C.1, offers its advice on matters of conscience to those liable for National Service and to Reservists.

IMPECUNIOUS but esthetic? Write catalogue good, cheap, antique furniture: Margery Dean, B.A., Wivenhoe, Essex. (Nearly 4,000 sq. ft. of showroom space.)

ROBERT George Miles, Psychologist, 70 Belsize Park Gdns., N.W.3. PRI. 6982.

YOUNG lady teacher requ. work during Summer vacation. Anything considered. Willing to travel. Box 4494.

HOLIDAY post requ. by young woman teacher. July 30-Aug. 25. Box 4461.

WHO will take 2 gents to or from Frankfurt or Heidelberg beginning of August by car, sharing expenses? Box 4362.

YNG. composer-pianist, winner several important prizes, scholarships, desperately needs to earn £250. Any commissions, engagements, pupils, etc., accepted. Box 4430.

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PERSONAL—continued

FRANCE. Do you wish to combine a holiday with language practice and friendship? Applicable to children and single people; min. stays 3 weeks. Reciprocity essential. Details of home-to-home exchanges from Mrs. Robertson, 61 Fellows Rd., N.W.3.

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INSTANTANEOUS French from a few minutes' daily chat with Vocabulet cards. 6s. 6d., Flores an Co., 36 Downside Rd., Sutton, Surrey.

DO You Write? Then apply to-day for Free Lesson and Plot Guide which will show you how to achieve success, also your copy of "Authorship" giving details of famous Courses by Beverley Nichols, Enid Blyton, John Brophy, etc. Your MS. criticised without fee or obligation. School of Authorship, Ltd. (JP88), 8 Duke St., London, W.1.

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HOW to build more Houses. Read "Housing," by Ernest Marples, M.P. Post free 7d. from C.P.C. Bookshop, 6 Victoria St., London, S.W.1. Tel. WHI. 4011.

RUSSIAN, German, French, by professional teacher. Oral and post. Ness, 8 Flat, 102 Great Titchfield St., W.1.

MONTHLY Salaries Loan Co. Ltd., 6 Chandos St., Cavendish Sq., W.1. LAN. 5714. Personal Loans from £30.

ZEST for work & pleasure! A 7-day Relaxation/Nature Cure regime in a delightful bijou Guest House will restore mental and physical poise and vigour to the tired personality. Brochure: Verena Symonds, "The Brookbank," Halloway Place, Hastings. Tel. Hastings 2832.

PHILIP HUMPHREYS, Psychologist, 69 Prince's Gate, South Kensington, S.W.7. Kensington 8042.

YOUNG Parisienne teaches French. Results guaranteed. Box 3561.

FOREST School Camps for boys and girls, aged 6½-14, July 31 to August 30, 1951. Staff experienced in camping and trekking. A holiday and an experience. Apply: A. R. Cobb, 19 High St., Trumpington, Cambridge.

SEASIDE weekend—or longer. Simple independent accom. Easy reach Mudiford beach. Private car park. Mod. terms Sec., 61 Somerford Road, Christchurch, Hants.

SOMERSET East. Civilised all-elec. farm cot(tage, sleep 5, service avail., free most of summer, 4½ gns. wk. according to circumstances. Box 4037.

MODERN bungalow, Bantry, Bay, Sea, & woods. Part/all summer. Box 4296.

OXFORD. Hse. to let Aug. 15-Sept. 15. Overlooks Magdalen College. Rec., 3 beds, four. Garage. Telephone. £10 p.w. includes heat, light, constant hot water, linen, cutlery. Breakfast, dinner, can be arranged for in nearby guest house. Box 4196.

FULLY furn. house, 3 bedrooms, garage, garden in large, 4gns. week. July 27 to Aug. 25. Streatham, London. Box 4377.

FURN. flat Hampstead, Aug. 2-26. 2 bed., lounge, kitchen, etc. 16 *guineas* incl. linen. Refs. Box 4207.

HOUSE to let for one month Aug., Ferring-on-Sea, Sussex. Four bed. All mod. cons. Fully comfortably furnished. 18gns. week. Mrs. Felton. SPE 7627.

SUNNY flat, Kensington, 3 rooms, to let furnished Aug. & Sept. Moderate rent to careful tenant. WESTern 4833.

PLEASING furn. house to let, Ealing, Aug. 11-25. Gar., gdn., 16gns. Box 4571.

ST. WOLFGANG, Salzburg. To let from July 20 to Aug. 28 and from Sept. 8 to Oct. 13, part of villa near Lake. Two large bed-sitting rooms, verandah living-room, kitchen. Sleep 4 or 6. Rent £4 per week. Apply Maddox, 71 High St., Manchester 13.

SWITZERLAND. P.G.'s taken by young couple in large, lovely situated Chalet in sunny Alpine valley above Montreux. Wonderful view, every comfort. Good motoring district, walks & flowers, tennis, swimming, riding, fishing. For illus. brochures please enc. Internat. Stamp Coupon. C.B. Wilmot-Allistone, Chalet Bon Accueil, Château-d'Oex.

PICARDY. Guests welcomed modernised country house, spacious grounds, only 5½ hrs. London. Farm produce. Free garage. £6 6s. Mme. Cloran, Château d'Auxroy, Réty, P. de C., France.

AUSTRIAN Tyrol and Salzkammergut. A few more vacancies from July 22 (partly by air), Aug. 11 and Aug. 18. £25 to £29. Dr. Beer, 154 Westbourne Grove, W.11. BAY. 5916.

AUSTRIAN holidays: You will have a good time with one of our parties for young and youngish professional people leaving for Kitzbuehel July 14 or Aug. 10, or lakeside holiday at St. Gilgen, near Salzburg, Aug. 3 or 17. Few vacancies. Erna Low, 9 Reece Mews, London, S.W.7. KEN. 6911.

PARIS—with a difference. Specially planned, flexible programmes for individuals or small groups in company with cultured Parisians. Sleeping in a comfortable hotel, you can, if you wish, see Paris as an unusually privileged visitor under the aegis of Pomfrey & Partners, Ltd., 22 Bury Place, London, W.C.1. HOL. 4346.

PERSONAL—continued

THE lovely Dalmatian Coast this summer. Offr long experience of arranging holidays in Yugoslavia is at your disposal. Write for brochure to Fairways & Swinford (Travel), Ltd., Dept. P, Parliament Mansions, Abbey Orchard Street, S.W.1.

A CONTINENTAL Holiday of a different kind. Young people especially will be interested in our programme, which ranges from mountaineering holidays to easy walking tours. Small parties, simple accommodation, competent leadership in the mountains, pleasant companionship—these are the keynotes of our open air holidays abroad. Full programme from Ramblers' Association Services, 48 (V) Park Road, N.W.1. AMB. 2495.

A LAST-minute Continental holiday, not organised for the masses, but individually for you! 10 days in France—£15 16s.; Italy—£23 10s.; Switzerland—£30 1s. 6d. More expensive holidays also arranged in any country. Business & Holiday Travel, Ltd., Grand Buildings, Trafalgar Sq., W.C.2. WHI. 4114/5.

WE know that lovely little place you've been thinking about and can arrange a perfect Continental holiday for you. £27 incl. Allways, 17 Sicilian Avenue, W.C.1.

SEE Spain. Mr. Newman, the manager of See Spain, Ltd., has recently returned from a tour of Spain and is happy to announce that he has secured additional good accommodation for British holidaymakers. We are now able to offer 15-day holidays in Palma de Mallorca and Costa Brava from £30 (fully inclusive). There are also a few vacancies for Luxury Coach Tours departing London on Sept 1 and Oct. 7, and visiting Lourdes, San Sebastian, Burgos, Madrid, Escurial, Granada, Malaga, Seville, Cordoba, etc. Inclusive price London back to London, 46gns. Full details from Dept. N.S., See Spain, Ltd., 78 New Oxford St., London, W.C.1.

CORSICA. The Anglo-French Camp de l'Horizon on Calvi Bay is now open. Return air trip (London/Calvi direct) and complete fortnight of sunshine, good food, perfect freedom, for £35 10s. A few vacancies remain for July, end of August, September. Apply at once to Horizon Holidays, Ltd., 144 Fleet Street, London, E.C.4. City 7163/4.

P.S. "See Naples and die!" Perhaps—But why not visit Capri and survive?

P.P.S. Harold Ingham can arrange this and will also tell you about a charming villa at Menton where a 2-weeks holiday costs only 28gns. inclusive.

P.P.P.S. Down from Cambridge? Why not go up to Bretaye? 6,000 feet, 17 days, 23gns. Write to 15 St. John's Road, Harrow. Ring Harrow 1040.

SCHOOLS

FOR freedom and self-government. Kilquhanity House, Castle Douglas, Scotland. Boys and girls from 3 years. Headmaster: John M. Aitkenhead, M.A., Ed. B.

HOME School. 2-10 years. Individual tuition & care with own children. Preference given to child of prof. family needing home atmosphere. Medically recommended. Vacancy Sept. Mrs. O. Vaux, Goldwell, Goudhurst, Kent.

PAGES School, Heathfield, Sussex. Co-educational. All ages. Exams., boarding.

RELIABLE advice given (gratis) by Truman and Knightley, Ltd., concerning schools for boys and girls.—Clarendon House, 11 & 12 Clifford St., W.1. Regent 2803. Founded 1901.

SMALL group of weekly boarders accepted at St. Mary's Town and Country School, 38/40 Eton Avenue, N.W.3. Primrose 4306. Elizabeth Paul.

ST. Nicholas School, 39 Albyn Place, Aberdeen. A progressive day school for boys and girls 5-15. Directors: John A. Allan, M.A., Mrs. Jean Allan, M.A., John Mackie.

STUDIO Nursery School, 6 Carlton Hill, N.W.8. 2-6 years. Mornings 9-12, afternoons 2-5 or full day. Greatest care is taken to satisfy the particular needs essential to this age group.

THE Chelsea Froebel School. Recognised by the Ministry of Education. Entire staff fully qualified Froebel teachers. Pre-preparatory school for children aged 4-9 years. 8 Elm Park Rd., Chelsea, S.W.3. (Flax. 9247.) Principal: Lady Edwards (H.N.F.U. Teacher's Certificate).

TYLEHURST School, Forest Row, Sussex. Bursaries are available for boys and girls aged 10 or under, for the Autumn term 1951. For particulars apply to the Principal.

FELLOWSHIP

UNIVERSITY of Nottingham.—Applications are invited for appointment to a Research Fellowship established by the Nottinghamshire Council of the British Empire Cancer Campaign tenable from October, 1951, for a period of not less than three years at an initial salary of £800 per annum, with benefits under the Federated Superannuation System for Universities. Applications, indicating a definite line of proposed research, should be addressed to the Registrar, The University, Nottingham, as soon as possible.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS, 3s. 6d. per line (average 6 words). Box No. 1s. extra. Prepayment essential. Press Tues. Insertion delayed some weeks. State latest date acceptable. 10 Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1. Hol. 8471.

ENTERTAINMENTS

SHAKESPEARE Memorial Theatre, Stratford-upon-Avon. 92nd season. Evs. 7.30. Mats. Wed. & Sat., 2.30. All seats bookable, 2s. 6d.-12s. 6d. London Agents or Theatre.

UNITY. EUS. 5391. "The Cradle Will Rock," play with music. Weds. to Suns., 7.30. Mems. only.

WATERGATE Theatre (TRA. 6261). July 3-22. "Sex and Seraphim" by L. E. Jones. Produced by Ellen Pollock. 7 p.m.: (exc. Mons.). Festival Mem'ship: 5s. 1 mth.

ARTS (Tem. 3334). Last perfs. St. & Sun. 5 & 8. Show Festival. Prog. 4. Tues. next., 7. Prog 3. Mems.

EVERYMAN, HAM. 1525. Until July 8: "Une si Jolie Petite Plage" (A) and Humphrey Jenning's "Family Portrait" (U). From July 9: Pierre Fresnay in "Le Corbeau" (A).

RECITAL of new Soviet Tape-Recordings: Kabalevsky Cello Concerto, opera & ballet music. Monday, July 9, 7.45. SCR, 14 Kensington Square, W.8.

PEOPLE'S Pal. Adv. 3331. Sun., July 8, 7.30. "Jour de Fete" (U) (French).

MICHAEL Tippett Concert in aid of European Relief Service of Society of Friends, Friends House, Euston Rd., N.W.1. Friday, July 13, at 8 p.m. Michael Tippett (Talk). Arda Mandikian (Soprano); Margaret Kitchen (Piano), Aeolian String Quartet. Prog. includes: Piano Sonata, 3rd String Quartet, Song Cycle, "The Heart's Assurance." Tickets: 5s. and 2s. 6d. from Friends House and Agents.

26th Haslemere Festival. July 14 to 21. Director: Carl Dolmetsch. Concerts of Early Music. Lectures and Exhibitions of instruments. Particulars: Chappell's, 50 New Bond St., or Haslemere Hall. Tel. 361. Tickets, 2s. to 7s. 6d. Hourly trains from Waterloo.

POLAND'S National Liberation Day Concert. A Programme of Polish Music, Dancing and Singing on Sunday, July 22, at 6.30 p.m., at the Whitehall Theatre, Whitehall, London, S.W.1. Artists include: Susan Slivko, Hounslow Co-operative Girls' Choir (by kind permission of the London Co-operative Society, Education Committee) with Ivor Mairants (Guitar). Tickets at 1s. and 2s. 6d. from British-Polish Friendship Society, 81 Portland Place, London, W.1 (Tel. LANgham 6533) only.

CHURCH of St. Thomas, 170/172 Regent St., W.1. Charles Williams' "The House of the Octopus." July 10-28. Mons. to Fris. 7.30 p.m., Sats. 2.30 & 5.30 p.m. Reserved seats 5s. and 2s. 6d. Bookings at St. Thomas' Church, Tel. REGent 1228.

JOHN Vallier. Chopin Recital, Monday, July 9, at 7.30. Wigmore Hall. 2s. 6d., 5s., 7s. 6d., 10s. 6d., at hall, WEL. 2141; and agents. Mgt. Ingpen & Williams, Ltd., 13 Thayer St., W.1.

CLIFFORD Dyment reading his own work, Saturday, July 7, at 3 p.m. John Betjeman reading his own poems, Tuesday, July 10, at 6.15 p.m. Lecture Hall, Victoria and Albert Museum, in connection with Festival Exhibition of Books.

TO celebrate the opening of the Princess Tsahai Memorial Hospital in Ethiopia, Garden Party at The Holme, Bedford College, Regent's Park, on July 10, 3 p.m.-10 p.m. Speakers: Wendy Hiller, Donald Wolfit, Lord Winster, Sylvia Pankhurst. Exhibition of pictures and sculpture from private collections—Dobroid, Deschamps, Dobroid, Henry Moore, Epstein, H. V. Lanchester, Mosheh Oved. Concert, dancing. Entrance 2s. 6d. 1s. after 6 p.m.

SUMMER School, Bryanston. Aug. 11-Sept. 1. Festival—Holiday—Teaching. Elisabeth Schumann, Gonzalo Soriano, Denis Matthews, William Glock, Earl of Harewood, Amadeus Quartet, Kalmar Orchestra (Cond., Roger Desormiere). Send stamp for prospectus to 29 Holland Villas Rd., London, W.14.

FESTIVAL Garden Party, Sat., July 7, 2-6 p.m., 14 Kensington Sq., W.8. James Gibb piano, Garden Ents. Dancing 8 p.m.

FESTIVAL Dance, Chelsea Labour Party Chelsea Town Hall, on Friday, July 6, at 7.30 p.m. Adm. 3s.

DANCE org. by Central London Fabian Society, Sat., July 7, 7.30 p.m., St. Martin's School of Art, Charing X Rd. Members and friends of Fabian Soc. only. Adm. 4s. by ticket includes refreshments.

EXHIBITIONS

GANYMED announce three new publications, David Jones' "Chapel in the Park." £6 3s. 11d. (Facsimile), Gauguin's "Girl from Brittany in Prayer," £3 6s. 5d. and Constable's "The Lock," £3 5s. 10d. (Turnstile Prints). Prices include purchase tax. On show 11 Great Turnstile, W.C.1.

FESTIVAL Exhibition of Contemporary Furniture and Furnishings in rooms showing modern town and country living. Also flower arrangements by Betty Massingham, Heal & Son, 196 Tottenham Court Rd., W.1.

TEMPERA Paintings by William Blake, an exhibition arranged in conjunction with The William Blake Trust, Arts Council Gallery, 4 St. James's Square, S.W.1. Open till July 21. Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat. 10-6., Tues., Thurs. 10-8. Admission free.

EXHIBITIONS—*continued*

TRADITIONAL. Art from the Colonies. Colonial Office Festival Exhibition, Imperial Institute, South Kensington. Weekdays 10 a.m. to 6 p.m. Sundays 2.30 p.m. to 6 p.m. Until September 30. Admission free.

ROLAND, Browse & Delbanco, 19 Cork St., Old Bond St., W.1. Sickert—Forty of his finest paintings. Dly. 10-5.30. Sat. 10-1.

SICKERT Exhibition. South Library, Essex Rd., Islington. 10-6. Sats. 10-5. Free.

MATTHEW Smith. New Paintings and earlier works: 9.30-6, Sat. 9.30-1; Tooth's, 31 Bruton St., W.1. Closing 14th.

RECENT Sculpture and Paintings by Robert Adams, Gimpel Fils, 30 South Molton St., W.1.

EXHIBITION of British Silverwork, including ceremonial plate, by contemporary craftsmen. Goldsmiths' Hall, Foster Lane, Cheapside. Open until August 31. 10.30 to 6.30 daily, except Sundays. Adm. 1s.

BRITISH Painting 1925-50 (Second Anthology). New Burlington Galleries, Old Burlington St., W.1. An Arts Council Exhibition. Open till July 28. Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat., 10-6. Tues., Thurs., 10-8. Adm. 1s.

500 YEARS of English Literature in the Festival Exhibition of British Books, org. by the National Book League at the Victoria & Albert Museum. 10-6; Sun. 2.30-6.

BATTERSEA Park, L.C.C. International Open Air Sculpture Exhib. 10 till dusk daily. May-Sept. Adm. 1s., children 6d.

HENRY Moore. An Arts Council Exhibition. Tate Gallery. Open till July 29. Week-days 10-6, Sundays 2-6. Adm. 1s.

TWENTY Brook Street, 10-6, Sats. 10-1. New Paintings by John Christoforou.

BRIGHTON: The Royal Pavilion with Regency furniture. Open daily including Sundays, 10-5.

MARLBOROUGH, 17-18 Old Bond St., W.1. French Masters: Cézanne, Degas, Manet, Renoir, etc. Dly., 10-5. Sat., 10-12.

IRVING Gallery, Irving St., Leicester Sq. Portraits and other Paintings by Marjorie Heath. Until July 14.

WILLIAM Hogarth. An Arts Council Exhibition in the Gallery. Open till July 29. Weekdays 10-6. Sun 2-6. Adm. free.

SIXTY Paintings for '51. An Arts Council Exhibition of Contemporary Works specially painted for the Festival. R.B.A. Galleries, Suffolk St., S.W.1. Open till July 31. Weekdays 10-5, inc. Sats. Adm. 1s.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork St., W.1. Summer Exhibition. English and French Paintings, Drawings and Prints. Hours 10-6. Sats. 10-1.

LEFEVRE Gallery, 30 Bruton St., W.1. School of Paris. Daily 10-5.30, Sats. 10-1.

I.C.A. Gallery, 17 Dover St., W.1. "Growth & Form." Daily 10-6, Sat. inc.

HANOVER Gallery, 32A St. George St., Hanover Square, W.1. Recent Paintings by Graham Sutherland. Week-days 10-5.30, Saturdays 10-1.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

SOCIALISM and Rearmament—2nd Conference "Arms and Foreign Policy," Sat., July 14, at 2.30 p.m., Caxton Hall, S.W.1. Spkrs.: John Freeman, M.P., and Denis Healey. 1s. 6d., Tea 1s. Appl. Conference Sec., Fabian Soc., 11 Dartmouth St., S.W.1.

JUST Back From Poland! Members of biggest ever British Trade Union delegation to visit Eastern Europe will give eye-witness accounts of how they live and work in Poland to-day and will answer questions at The Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, Holborn, W.C.1., on Friday, July 13, at 7.30 p.m. Tickets 6d. from British-Polish Friendship Socy., 81 Portland Place, W.1. LAN. 6593.

THEOSOPHY. Public Lecture, Sundays, 7 p.m. United Lodge of Theosophists, 17 Gt. Cumberland Place, Marble Arch. All welcome. July 8: The Fall of Ideals.

MONICA Felton Dismissal! Protest meeting at growth of victimisation in public life. Conway Hall, Mon., July 9, 7.30 p.m. Dora Russell, Isobel Brown, L. C. White, Rev. L. Woodland, Dudley Collard, M. B. Purdie. Nat. Council for Civil Liberties.

ALL Religions. Pacifist Service. 11 a.m., July 8, Denison House Hall, 296 Vauxhall Bridge Rd., nr. Victoria Stn. Speaker: Stuart Morris, Gen. Sec., P.P.U.

THE Linguists' Club, 20 Grosvenor Place, S.W.1. July 14 at 6 p.m. Mlle. Guerin: Chanson 1900.

FORUM. "Education—For Peace or War?" Speakers: Dora Russell (chairman), Rev. R. Mercer Wilson, Dr. Kirman, Dr. Scott-Blair, Mr. W. Perkins. Holborn Hall, Wed., July 11, 7 p.m.

PERSONALIST Group. Reuben Bach, M.C.: "Has Philosophy a Subject Matter?" Wed., July 11, 7.30 at Conway Hall.

YOUTH House, 250 Camden Rd., N.W.1. Mondays at 7.30, 9th, "South Africa," by Janice Farrelly. 16th, "New Yugoslavia," by K. Zilliacus. 23rd, Elizabethan Songs, Lieder by Brahms, Schubert, Wolf: Margaret Auty accomp. by Enid Brook. 30th, "Work of League of Coloured Peoples," by Samson Morris.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—*continued*

RAMAKRISHNA Vedanta Centre. Swami Ghanananda at Kingsway Hall, every Thursday, 7.30 p.m. July 12: "The Divine Principle in Man." All welcome.

LUNCH Hour Talks on Yoga and the Mind. Caxton Hall. Tues., 1 p.m., July 10: Relaxation & Energy. 17: Higher Powers of the Mind. 24: Spiritual Awakening of Man.

H. J. BLACKHAM: "The Attack on Science." At the Ethical Church, 4a, Inverness Place, W.2. Sun., July 8, at 11 a.m.

BUDDHIST Society, 106 Gt. Russell St. Public Lecture, Wed., July 11, 6.30. "The Will." Dr. E. Graham Howe.

BEN Uri Gallery, 14 Portman St., W.1. "Edvard Munch (Norwegian Painter)." Illustrated lecture by Ada Polak. Wed., July 11, at 8 p.m. Visitors 1s.

SOUTH Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Sunday Mornings at 11 o'clock. July 8: Professor G. W. Keeton, M.A., LL.D. "The Passing of Empire." Questions after lecture. Admission free. Overseas visitors cordially welcomed.

THE Philosophical Society of England. Lecture, Wednesday, July 11, 1951, at 7.15 p.m., by Dr. J. O. Wisdom, Ph.D., on "The Role of Consciousness in Emotion," Caxton Hall, London, S.W.1. Adm. free.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

LONDON University and other exams.: University Correspondence College, founded 1887, prepares students for Entrance (Matric.), Inter., and Degree Exams. in Arts, Science, Econs., etc., Dip. in Public Admin., Social Studies; for General Certificate of Education (Ordinary and Advanced Levels), Oxford, Cambridge and others, Professional Prelim. exams., Law, Civil Service, Local Govt., etc. U.C.C. is an Educational Trust not conducted primarily as a profit-making concern. Mod. fees; instalments. Pros. free from Registrar, 70 Burlington House, Cambridge.

DENMARK. College Physical Educ., Fredensborg. 1 year course (in Eng.), for men & teachers. Recognised, by Chief Inspector, Phys. Educ., Denmark. Commenc. Oct., '51. Vacation Courses (in Eng.) for men and women, Aug., 1951. Gym., Athletics, swimming, dancing, games, etc. Fee £16 10s. incl. board. Write Principal.

"MUST We Take Sides?" All who seek better ways of dealing with conflict are invited to Braziers Park, Ipsden, Oxon, Aug. 15-29. Besides lectures and discussions, there will be experiments in painting, music, dance, and drama. Fortnight £10 10s.; one week £5 10s. Programme from Secretary.

LEARN Languages without Translation. The Pelman Languages Institute teaches French, German, Spanish, Italian without the use of English: the method is explained in four little books, one for each language; write for book and specimen lessons, sent gratis, post free. (Reduced fees for serving and ex-Service members of H.M. Forces.) Pelman Languages Institute, 67 Norfolk Mansions, Wigmore St., London, W.1.

SPEECH Education. One-year and two-year Evening Courses under the direction of Majorie Gullan. Voice and Speech, Solo and Choral Verse Speaking, Classroom Drama. Terms begin week of September 24. Particulars from The Speech Fellowship, 1 Park Crescent, Portland Pl., W.1 (LAN. 5147).

MEDICAL Secretaryships, Institutional Housekeepers, Dietitian-Caterers, Hotel Receptionists, Manageresses, Cert. Bk.-kprs., success. Postal courses. Brochures 3d. Sec., Southern Training College, Brighton, 6.

RE-EDUCATION of movement and posture and reduction of overtension due to bodily and psychological stress. Trained teachers and medical supervision. Photographs and films used as teaching aids. Enquiries, Secretary, Isobel Cripps Centre, 18 Lansdowne Rd., W.11 (Park 7222).

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POSTAL tuition for Gen. Cert. of Educn. (Lond., Oxf., Camb., Worth.); London B.A., B.Sc.Econ., LL.B., B.Com. Degrees; Law Exams., etc. Low fees. Prospectus from C. D. Parker, M.A., LL.D., Dept. VH92, Wolsey Hall, Oxford (Est. 1894).

TOUCH-typing. Private tuition. Bayswater 1786.

A Centre for Foreign Languages. Day and Evening classes in French, German, Spanish, Italian for beginners of all grades. English for Foreign Visitors. Priv. Less. in all languages. Enrolment daily. Prospectus free. Language Tuition Centre, 10 Portman Street, Marble Arch, W.1. MAY. 4640, 3905.

SUMMER SCHOOLS

SAILING School & camping hol. during Aug. in Devon. Canoes, dinghies. 4- & 9-tonners. Four Winds, Highfield, Letchworth.

SUMMER SCHOOLS—*continued*

FABIAN Summer Schools: Glyn House, Broadstairs, August 18-25. Foreign Policy. Director: John Haire, M.P. Frensham Heights, Farnham, Surrey, August 18-25, "New Paths in Labour Thinking." Director: John Parker, M.P. Enquiries, applications: Fabian Society, 11 Dartmouth St., S.W.1.

WEDGWOOD Memorial College, Barlaston, North Staffs (In association with the W.E.A. North Staffs. District). Summer courses have been arranged in the following subjects:—July 21-27, Trade Union Problems; July 29-Aug. 4, Modern Literature; August 5-11, Science & the Modern World; August 13-18, Planning & Free Enterprise; August 19-25, Putting on a Play; August 25-31, Music; September 16-23, Industrial Democracy & Joint Consultation in Industry. Tuition on all courses will be in seminar groups conducted by Oxford University tutors and well-known speakers will address each school. Fees, North Staffs. students, £2 10s. Others £3 10s. (inclusive of board, residence and tuition). Further details from The Secretary, Wedgwood Memorial College.

SUMMER Drama Schools, Christchurch Studio Theatre, London, N.W.1. July 30-Aug. 11 (Day or Evening), Aug. 13-24 (Day). Acting Technique, Speech, Improvisation, Movement, Production, Make-up. Prosp. Mrs. D. Sansom, 6 The Keir, Westside, S.W.19.

THE Liberal Summer School is being held at Lady Margaret Hall, Oxford, Friday, July 20, to Tuesday, July 24. Monsieur Spaak, Lord Samuel, Dr. Gilbert Murray, Patric O'Donovan, Donald McLachlan, Graham Hutton, Mrs. Honor Croome are among the lecturers. Enrolment forms and full particulars from Miss K. Edge, hon organising secretary, 74 Regency Lodge Avenue Rd., N.W.3.

FESTIVAL of Britain Arrangements: You can be sure of a stimulating holiday in the company of interesting visitors from abroad if you join one of our Festival of Britain House Parties near London and Oxford, or in Somerset by the sea; language tuition, bathing, tennis, visits to Festival Centres and Exhibitions. Details from Edna Low, 9 Reece Mews, S.W.7. Ken. 0911.

MODERN Ballet Summer Course, Ernest Berk, July 23—Aug. 18. Four Classes daily. Apply: Secretary, London School of Modern Ballet, 71 The Grampians, W.6. SHE. 4773. Next term starts Sept. 24, for prof. training and open Classes.

SEE Spain, Intl., offer special Spanish Language & Educational Course in Madrid. Aug. 1 to 30. Fully incl. London back to London. £57 per person. Full details on request. 122 Sea Spray Mans., Dept. 78, New Oxford St., London, W.C.1.

MISCELLANEOUS

THE Continental Club for conversation and tuition in foreign languages every Tuesday evening from 6 p.m. 15 Baker Street, W.1. Enquiries, Secretary, CUN. 8837.

CHILDREN'S Clothes: The Good-As-New Shop, 83 Lower Sloane Street, London, S.W.1. Sloane 4637. Buy and sell outgrown clothes for all children up to 15 years of age. No on approval service.

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Mars Classified Adverts on Pages 23, 25, 26, 27

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